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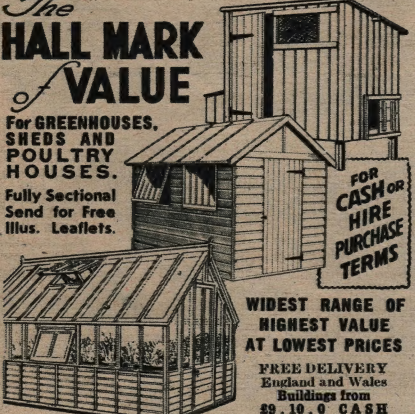

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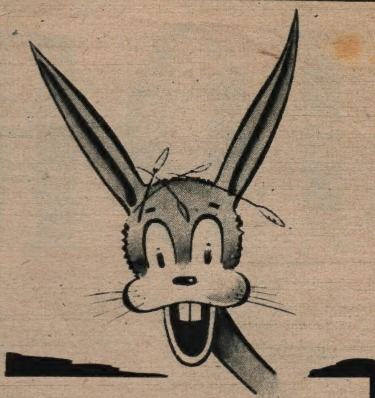

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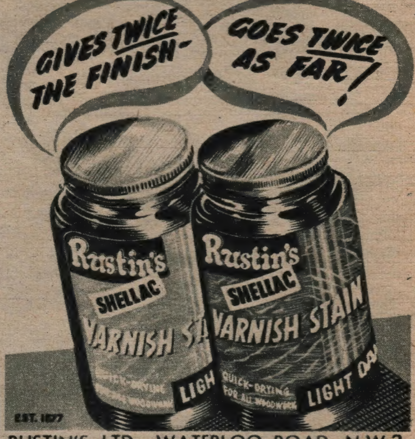

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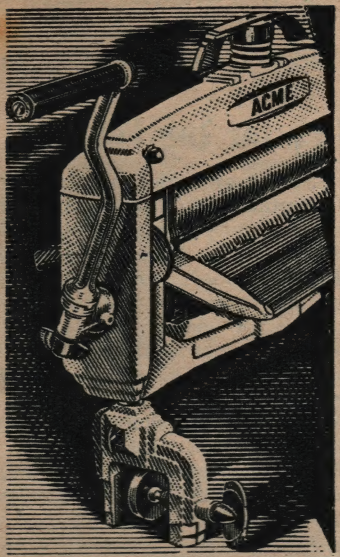

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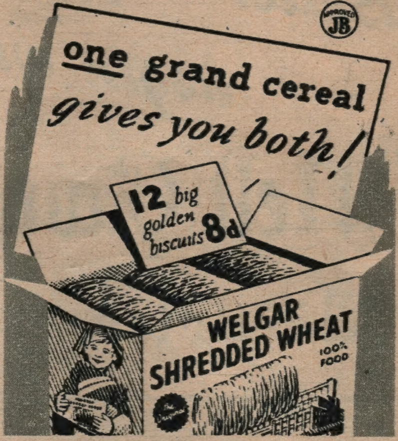
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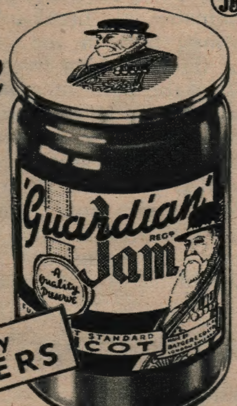
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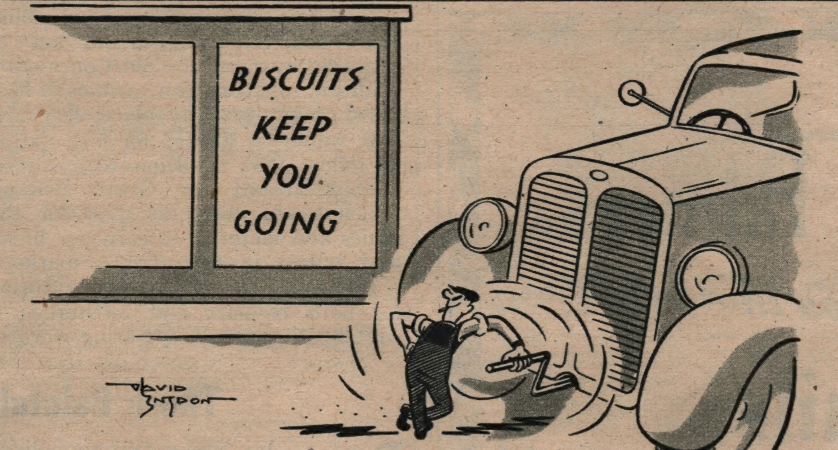
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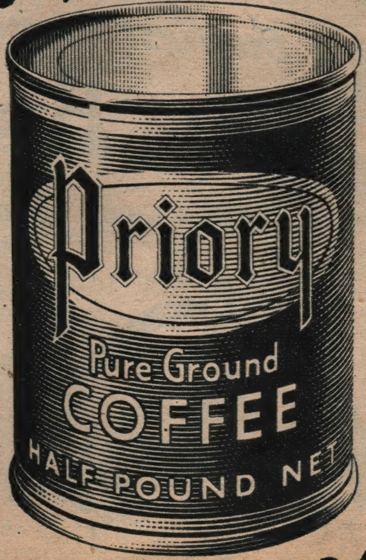
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FEBRUARY 12, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2224

Give Us a Bold New Policy for the Forces

IT IS TIME the Government admitted that conscription, as a means of maintaining the British Armed Forces in fighting shape, has failed lamentably.

We have continued to call up young men since the war. We have recently lengthened the term they must serve. Yet we have still not provided ourselves with an efficient army—or with any prospect of one. Nor have we got a modern air force any longer.

All over again we are repeating the old mistake of "preparing for the war before last."

What this country clearly needs is a compact and highly trained regular army, skilled in all the elaborate techniques of modern war, and backed by a big, enthusiastic territorial force. Plus an air force and navy adapted to the atomic age and equipped with the best men, machines and ships.

What this country has got is hardly any regular army—judged by former standards—and a mass of semi-trained youths who would mostly be better employed learning jobs in industry. Together with a partially obsolete air force, whose morale has recently caused anxiety, and the mere skeleton of a fighting navy.

The system we have followed has proved a waste of precious manpower and has failed to guarantee the military security it was designed to ensure.

In effect we are copying, many years too late and in an age of scientific warfare, the old Continental tradition of conscript armies which relied on numbers to replace efficiency.

It would be absurd for any nation to follow that tradition today; it is doubly absurd for Great Britain, which needs every fit man for the mines and factories to earn our bread and butter in the world's markets.

Perversely, the fact that recruiting for both regulars and territorials is wretchedly poor—and getting worse—is used as an argument for *keeping* conscription. We have got to maintain our armies of occupation and provide a basis for home defence. If the volunteers don't come forward, we must continue the call-up. So runs the case for conscription. . . .

It seems unanswerable—but it isn't giving us security, and it is hampering our industrial recovery.

Well, then, remembering our commitments, what else could we do?

The Government could announce and put into effect a bold new policy with the double purpose of expanding our regular and territorial forces and doing away with the need for conscript armies of the present kind. It could use the next three years of conscription, to which we are committed anyway, to build up strong and efficient professional forces. Pay, conditions and prospects must be improved, not in a niggardly and piecemeal way, but by a real revolution which will offer opportunities to active men comparable with those available in civilian life. Then we will get the "Regulars," without a doubt.

At the same time, the new professional forces must be augmented by really strong territorial forces. Even if a fortnight's camp and so much training each year had to be demanded of our young men under some compulsory scheme, it would not cause such havoc or involve such moral dangers as the present call-up. It would not take manpower away from industry, nor break into the careers of young men in the vital early years of their working lives.

In the light of experience, there is nothing to be said for the call-up as it works today. There could be a lot to say for a system which combined skilled professionalism, in our regular forces, with limited military training, on a territorial basis, for our young men—training that most of them would not find irksome.

Those Painful P.A.Y.E. Arrears

P.A.Y.E., WE WERE LED to believe when it started, would do away with income tax bills. It was literally to be Pay-Your-Income Tax-As-You-Earn, and owe nothing.

A lot of worried taxpayers are now finding—to their consternation—that this isn't so. They are getting heavy tax bills for arrears which have accumulated since P.A.Y.E. started.

Let us be quite fair about these arrears. Some of them were incurred through the taxpayers' own mistakes or omissions—because they did not tell their tax offices of changes in their circumstances, failing to reveal that they had new sources of income, for example, or were no longer entitled to allowances.

On the other hand many of the arrears now being charged arose through mistakes in the income tax offices, which have been greatly understaffed for years.

Some of the bills accumulated simply because of complicated cases—such as that of husband and wife getting too much at the lower rates of tax when both working—which the P.A.Y.E. machine was not supple enough to put right automatically.

In other words there are many reasons to account for the arrears. But good excuses don't pay taxes. Although payments are being spread over the next P.A.Y.E. tax year, and in some cases over two, three and four years, the annoyance and frustration remain.

And many incomes are now lower for various reasons.

The people who failed to tell the tax office of changed circumstances cannot have much sympathy, but ought to be allowed to use some of the "frozen" postwar credits to settle their accounts.

As for the others, the innocent victims of the machine, we urge that at least part of their arrears should be "forgiven" or wiped out.

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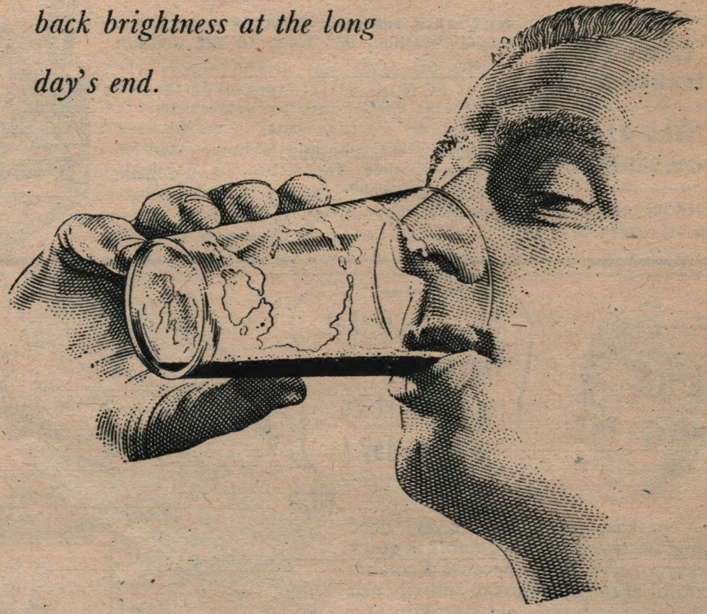

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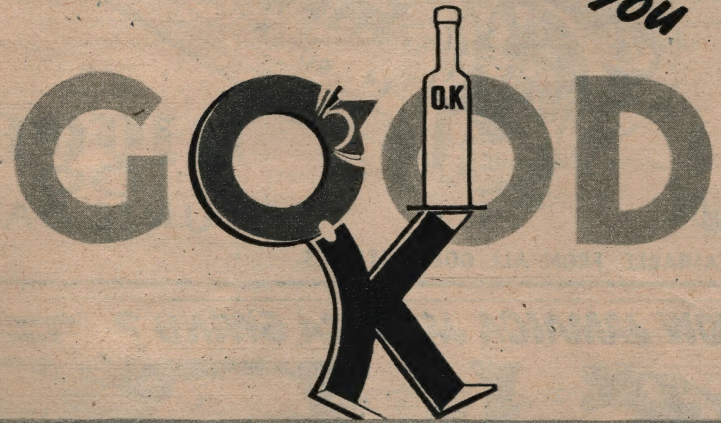

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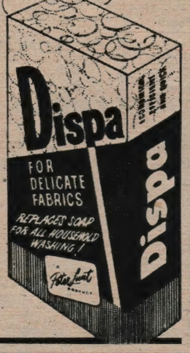
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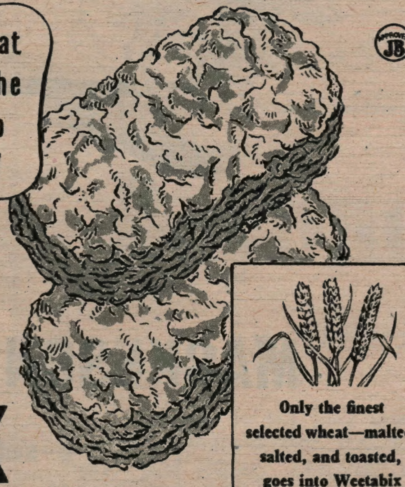

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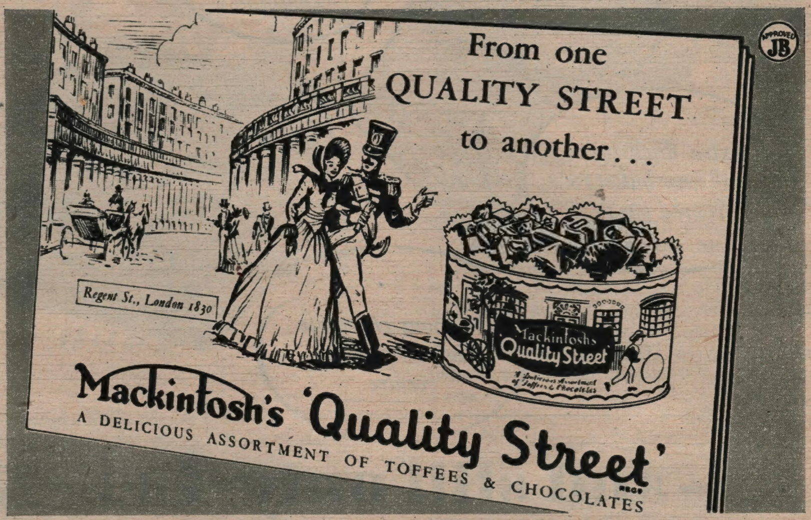
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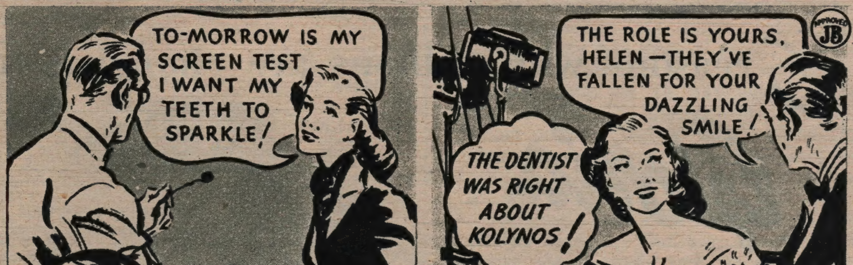
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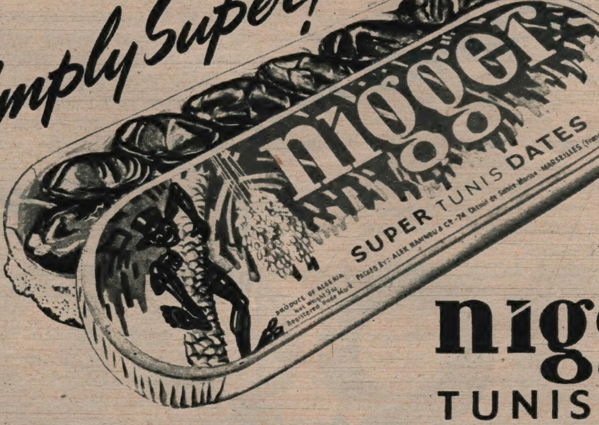
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ORANGE SQUASH
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JAMAICA SWING: 2 measures Jamaica Rum
1 measure Orange Squash · ½ measure Lime Juice
Dash of Bitters
Use plenty of ice (when available) and shake or stir well

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REDUCING THE DIVORCE RATE

by Dr. DAVID MACE

Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council

The notion that divorce is an easy way out is losing its hold. To set the divorce figures tumbling, two things are needed: skilled pre-marriage advice and a real "patching up" service if partners cool off

IN 1947 THERE WERE ten times as many divorces in England and Wales as there were in 1937. Is this just one of the legacies of total war—something we have to put up with till we get back to normal? Is it really only that?

Or does it mean that Britain is going to the dogs, that we are a morally decadent nation? Or is it perhaps that the whole pattern of marriage and family life is going through a violent revolution, and that this is the temporary chaos which will lead in time to a new order?

These are big questions.

They have been big questions ever since the war ended. And no one can yet answer them with complete confidence. Only the future will make the issue clear.

But what we can do is to look back over these past ten years, and try to discover why this thing has happened. Why is it that, in this particular decade of Britain's history, the divorce rate should multiply by ten?

Let's take the obvious causes during the war.

We think back to the grim days when young people rushed thoughtlessly into ill-considered marriages. We remember the long dreary years of separation, the men fighting overseas and the wives pining at home. We think of the blackout, the bombing, the primitive life of the shelters.

We think of the vast invasion of American G.I.s, milling around in enforced idleness, and thrown into close proximity with our sex-starved, affection-starved women. We think of the way the sexes were thrown together as they toiled to feed the fires which sustained our mighty war machine.

All these conditions helped to break down the traditional restraints, encouraged lonely, love-hungry people to take what was so temptingly within their reach. It was easy, in those fateful days, to clutch at a few emotional thrills by way of relieving the strain of weariness—and damn the consequences.

So They Flocked to Court

Then the reckoning came. The land was soon littered with broken marriages and marriages which should never have been. The great host of the disillusioned turned their steps to the divorce court, some to cut their losses and end it all, some to start afresh in the hope of doing better next time.

Undoubtedly this *was* the main reason why the divorce rate went rocketing skywards. But a tenfold increase in ten years takes a lot of explaining. And the war doesn't explain it—not entirely.

In 1938 a new divorce law came into force in this country. It has been popularly called the Herbert Act, because Sir Alan Herbert steered it through Parliament. Before it came into force, divorce could be obtained on one ground only—adultery. The Herbert Act added cruelty, desertion, insanity, and several other grounds. It also increased the grounds for annulment.

Even if war had not come in 1939, this new law would almost certainly have brought about a marked increase in the divorce rate.

The trouble is that we shall never know to what extent the Herbert Act really influenced people in their attitude to divorce, because the coming of the war obscured its effects. But I believe the new law alone would have made a big difference. Many people are unwilling to be publicly branded as adulterers, but don't so much mind being rated as "deserters."

That is true even today, when public opinion has grown very tolerant. It was much more true in 1938.

The Herbert Act, therefore, must be reckoned as one of the two major causes of this phenomenal increase in the divorce rate.

Mrs. Vera Mace (right) with other experts. Mending broken marriages is specialist job: friends may bungle it

Then there is the fact that, in these ten years, divorce has been "popularized." I don't think that's too strong a word to use. What I mean is that it has been brought within the reach of ordinary people as never before.

Before the war, working-class people hardly ever gave serious thought to the idea of divorce. It was the luxury of the idle rich. The cost of proceedings put it right outside the reach of the masses.

If marriage became intolerable for the working man, he just walked out and later faced the music at the police court. If his wife couldn't stand him any longer, she got a maintenance order and made the best of it. It never occurred to them that there was anything else they could do.

When these husbands found themselves in uniform, they began to make discoveries. Through the Services, they found they had legal remedies which they had never before considered, and that provision had been made to put these remedies within their means.

The welfare and legal services did a grand job for our fighting men. I am not criticizing them at all. It was right, and a democratic necessity, that equality of opportunity should be given both to rich and poor, when all were hazarding their lives alike in the common cause. But there is no doubt whatever that this brought divorce to a large section of the community which had hitherto never seriously entertained the idea of it.

It's Simpler and Cheaper

This levelling process has gone on since the war ended. The Denning Committee set out to simplify divorce and cut costs to the bare minimum. The new schemes for legal aid will finally put it at the disposal of all.

Many think that the result will be that the matrimonial work of the magistrates' courts will drop to a mere trickle, and that nearly all marriage breakdowns will go straight to the divorce courts.

I suggest one more reason for the divorce avalanche. In those prewar days, it was considered a terrible disgrace to be involved in a divorce suit.

A professional man cited as the guilty party in a divorce case virtually lost his reputation, and many another man lost his job for the same reason.

How completely this has changed!

It is a commonplace today to find peers of the realm, politicians, leaders in public life and members of the professions cited in the divorce lists. Young people about to marry will say openly to their friends that they can always get a divorce if "it doesn't work out all right." It has even become a kind of code of honour among ordinary people that husbands and wives who refuse to give each other their "freedom" when it is asked for are mean and unchivalrous.

Some people deplore this changed attitude. I admit there are disturbing features in it. But it isn't wholly bad.

Behind it lies the conviction that men and women have a right to happiness and that marriage ought to bring them happiness. If it doesn't, they argue, there should be a way to end it and begin again.

Marriage Should Bring Joy

Of course, it's fatally easy to carry that view to dangerous extremes. Thousands are doing so today. But it is fundamentally true that marriage ought to bring joy and fulfilment. If it doesn't there is something seriously wrong. For the community to recognize that, and to insist upon it, is to assert one of the rights of man.

In the past, hideous things have been perpetrated behind the protective veil of marriage. When the modern man says he isn't going to stand for that kind of thing any longer, I am wholly on his side.

The only difference is that, in my opinion, the way out is not to make marriages willy-nilly and then break them but to do everything possible by preparation and wise counsel to ensure that husbands and wives find in their relationship the full happiness which they have a right to seek. That is the programme of marriage guidance.

We who undertake the job of marriage guidance know there are two kinds of marriage: the kind which brings fulfilment and happiness to both partners; and the kind which is dull and mediocre, limping along without much life or sparkle.

Let us consider an example of the second kind of marriage—the marriage that threatens to go on the rocks.

What are Tom and Ethel to do when they become aware that their marriage is not working out as they had hoped? They might have avoided serious trouble altogether by getting thorough preparation for marriage before they started. This is the positive and ultimate answer to the widespread marital disharmony of our time.

Friends' Advice Can Be Fatal

But Tom and Ethel can't go back to the beginning and adopt a wiser course. So without any hesitation I would advise them to seek experienced help—and without delay. I emphasize the word "experienced." Friends, relatives and in-laws are always ready to do their best to advise in a marriage difficulty. Sometimes they give good advice. More often, I regret to say, they give bad advice. Sometimes the advice they give is so bad that it spells certain death to the marriage—like a fatal dose of poison given to a sick man in mistake for medicine.

We must realize that a marriage in trouble is a very delicate mechanism. Accurate diagnosis is a highly skilled task. This is no place for amateur bungling.

It will take years to select and train enough marriage counsellors to provide a really competent service throughout the country. And we do not claim that all marriage guidance centres are anything like as efficient as we want them to be ultimately. But it is probable that a couple will get more help through such a centre than from most other sources.

What are the chances that under competent guidance the break in the marriage of Tom and Ethel can be healed? It depends, first, on the co-operation which the couple give, and, secondly, on how far the trouble has gone.

In a marriage there are always warnings if all is not going smoothly. The cooling of affection, sexual difficulties, quarrels and disagreements which don't clear up, irritation and resentment, dishonesty and discourtesy—these are a few of the surface symptoms.

Danger of Complete Deadlock

All these things are comparatively easy to deal with if they are taken to the experienced marriage counsellor while husband and wife are still in love and have the will and the patience to resolve their differences.

But if proper help is *not* sought, the marriage may come to a complete stop. The sex relationship itself may tail off and finally cease. Contrary to popular belief, this seldom means that anything has gone wrong with the physical organs. It is more often a sign that the mutual affection and tenderness between husband and wife, which find their natural expression in sexual union, no longer exist.

Even when the relationship has come to a standstill, the worst has not yet happened. There is a third and more serious stage. Human beings do not, when the relationship between them has lost its reality, remain quiescent. For a time they may. But men and women have emotional needs, sexual needs. They have the need to love and to be loved.

If husband and wife fail to find what marriage urged them to seek in each other, they tend to find it elsewhere. They seek to achieve some compensation for their marital unfulfilment.

After a certain point, therefore, Tom and Ethel will begin to grow away from each other. They may still live together and keep up the appearance of being married. But Tom's frustrated emotions may already be flowing in the direction of a girl he has met at work. Ethel may be thinking in terms of a career she abandoned in favour of marriage. They are already shaping new life-patterns for themselves which exclude each other.

To deal with the trouble now is a formidable undertaking. It is not a question simply of tracing a fault and putting it right. For Tom may have written off his marriage as beyond remedy and decided that his only hope of happiness is to get a divorce and marry the girl at the office. Ethel may have recaptured all the excitement of pursuing the vocation she had once dreamed of, and may actively resist any idea of going back to the marriage to which she now feels revulsion.

If any marriage guidance service is to be effective, it must be judged by what it can do for people in the first—and to a limited extent in the second—stages of marital disharmony. In the majority of cases within my knowledge, the marriage guidance centre has been able to put things right when the trouble was brought in good time.

Can we make any kind of guess as to what is likely to happen to the divorce rate in the *next* ten years? Will it go down? Will it stay roughly where it is? Or will it go higher still?

After the first World War, the divorce peak was reached in 1921, and then the rate fell. I'm pretty sure the same would happen again this time if the war was the only cause. So this factor is favourable to a decline in the figures.

The Herbert Act also has now exerted its influence. Other things being equal, it should by now have produced a permanent and steady divorce rate, higher than before 1938 but not continuing to rise. So that factor can be counted out.

Divorcees Are Remarrying

As for the process of making divorce respectable, I think this has exhausted itself. I see signs of a reaction setting in. Some divorced people are coming together again and remarrying. Others are admitting that they are really no better off in the second marriage than the first.

Responsible people are worried about the price children are paying for all these broken homes. There is a stiffening of public opinion, a growing conviction that if divorce was intended to increase the sum of human happiness it is in fact doing the very opposite.

Meanwhile, the idea of education and preparation for marriage grows steadily in influence. The marriage guidance organizations have been blessed by the Government, and money should soon be available to enable them to increase and improve their services. The housing programme is making some headway at last. The economic strains on family life are being eased a little.

My guess would be that, if present tendencies continue, the divorce rate will now begin to go down. It looks as if we have already reached a blunt peak at about 50,000 new petitions a year. I expect no sharp or phenomenal drop.

But I think it is in our power to bring the rate down gradually to a figure which, though I doubt whether it will ever again reach the prewar level, will be a little less disquieting than the present figure. But this will not happen automatically.

It will happen only if we take this situation seriously, study it intelligently, and act resolutely to bring it under control.

THE PERÓNS FALL OUT

by RAY JOSEPHS

The rivalry between Argentina's dictator and his wife may have some far-reaching effects—on our rations, for instance

One morning not long ago a sleek, black, armoured limousine pulled out of a driveway into the fashionable Avenida Alvear in Buenos Aires. As sirens roared, a platoon of secret service agents cleared the way. Helmeted soldiers manned machine guns. A vanload of aides brought up the rear

"Who's all that for?" a visitor inquired.

"General Juan Perón, *Presidente* of Argentina," he was told.

A few minutes later an identical car zoomed down the driveway. A second platoon held back traffic. More soldiers leaped to their machine guns. The rear guard was even larger.

"Am I seeing double?" asked the visitor. "Another *Presidente?*"

"Just about," the Argentine whispered. "That's Señora Evita Perón, the blonde Pompadour who is the wife of our dictator. But just which one is boss is hard to tell. Today we not only have two Presidential cars—but two official offices, two official newspapers and two of almost everything else. One is run by him, the other by her."

The Argentine, knowing that curious ears are everywhere in his oppressed country, said no more. But what has made the problem most acute, I learned during my visit to Argentina, is that the hemisphere's two most colourful personalities have not only created their own overlapping administrations, but are at present fighting it out with each other in a battle for control of the strongest, most powerful country in South America.

Moreover, the struggle itself has become as highly dramatic as the Cinderella-style romance of ex-widower Perón and one-time radio actress Evita. For where power has made Perón more cautious, Evita has become more reckless. "All or nothing is my motto," she has often told intimates. "And if I go down, look out for the crash. There won't be anybody left standing."

They Noisily Embrace

Outwardly the pair still try to keep up appearances. Often when they appear together on the balcony of the Casa Rosada—Argentina's pink-coloured executive building—they noisily embrace in a back-thumping, Argentine-type movie clinch. But behind the scenes they scramble for the whip hand.

Some aspects would be downright funny except that caught in the middle almost daily are some 16,000,000 Argentines and an even greater number of Good Neighbours on whose territory Perón has been casting covetous eyes.

Farther afield, the domestic tiff sends its ripples across the Atlantic to Britain, where the British housewife gets two-penn'orth knocked off her Sunday joint because Evita was not invited to a party, and then finds it likely to come back again because Juan cannot afford to ruin his export market to gratify Evita's desire for revenge. The neighbours are being dragged in on this family quarrel, whether they like it or not. And the neighbours stretch half-way round the world.

Just before and soon after their secret marriage in October, 1945, Evita was part pet and part goad—a decorative accessory who sometimes spurred her *esposo* on. Today Evita is no longer a mere power behind the throne. She sits on a throne right beside Perón. And it's a throne of the same size and importance.

On posters which cover every possible wall in Argentina, she makes sure her picture has equal prominence with his. When the applause rings out from the crowds, there is trouble in her propaganda department if the general's cheers get a higher decibel count than hers. Perón's fireside broadcasts are matched by her Wednesday night show. And every station, including Belgrano, where less than five years ago she played bit parts and posed for publicity photos, must carry them—or else!

She Controls Press, Radio

Moreover, in the division of authority, she has managed to secure an advantage in that she controls what Argentines shall publicly read, hear, see and think. Newspapers are under her personal supervision. So is radio. The Argentine film industry, which is the Spanish-speaking world's largest, submits each script for her approval. So does the theatre.

Both Perón and Evita have a thirst for prerogative, plus a vanity of the Hitler and Mussolini stamp which permits no one else to get even a foot in the spotlight. Each, however, has a different approach to this ambition.

When Evita started on one of her recent trips around Argentina, Perón chided her and insisted that she wear clothes befitting one who constantly terms herself the "Champion of the *Descamisados*" or "shirtless ones," who are the régime's basic followers.

Evita flounced out, ordered her most glamorous items packed, and then put on a nation-wide fashion show.

At one provincial appearance she first made fun of her own "glad rags." Then came the punch line: "Not long ago I dressed like you. Now, thanks to our programme, I have these clothes. Soon, if you give me your help, *you'll* all have exactly the same."

Evita has traded on sex appeal, emo-

Outwardly the Peróns still try to keep up appearances, sometimes staging a film-like clinch on balcony

tionalism and patriotic jingo to back a shrewd, intuitive political flair matched only by Perón's. Her more frenzied partisans insist she can outtalk, outcoax and outmanoeuvre the general. Perón's advocates—of whom an increasing number can't stand "that woman"—reply: "She is a witch who has hypnotized him into ruin."

I asked an impartial diplomat how Perón had got into the position where a woman who had been his girl friend, adviser and wife, had now become his most serious rival.

He told me: "Perón, like many another husband, first gave his señora a few things to do because he was too busy running everything to pay her proper attention. By the time he found that the more she got the more she wanted, it was too late."

In many ways the Peróns are similar; in others poles apart. Both are flamboyant extroverts, cocksure of themselves, inordinately ambitious and highly jealous.

But in other respects they are complete opposites. She improvises; he likes to plan each detail and has, in the past, written books on strategy. She has never forgiven anybody who has ever crossed or snubbed her, as can be testified to by both Argentina's cattle-rich society and her once rival actresses, Libertad Lamaque and Nini Marshall, who are now barred in Buenos Aires.

Perón usually makes peace and brings former enemies into his camp. Evita hates the United States because Hollywood's scouts once turned down her starring ambitions. Perón has favoured the expedient of working with Washington to get all the arms, goods and machinery possible.

Evita, still raging because she was refused an invitation to Buckingham Palace during her European trip, glows with joy when Argentine men-of-war dispute the Antarctic territories with Britain or when Miranda raises the price of Britain's beef.

Perón, probably no less Anglophobe than his wife, wants to play more circumspectly, fearing both an international face-slap and a dislocation of his country's traditional economy. So a truce is called in the polar tussle, and Miranda is deposed in favour of a young man less outwardly tough in his dealings with Britain.

Evita has more energy than her husband. She's in her early thirties; he's fifty-three. When I first knew him in 1942, he seemed ten years younger than his age. When I saw him a few months ago he looked tired and exhausted. Eczema blotched his face. His chain smoking had risen to two packets daily. Evita, however, had more bounce, verve and push than in the days when I first covered her activities for a theatrical weekly.

Her Urge for Respectability

Where Perón has been motivated by deep-rooted totalitarian political convictions (acquired during long periods as a student in Germany and Italy) plus a desire for a place in history as Argentina's Man of Destiny, Evita is driven by far more elemental urges. First it was a desire for respectability: she comes of a penniless family. Then it became revenge, wealth and ruling the roost.

In meeting men, and using them to advance her career, Evita has done very well indeed.

She found Perón in the days when he was collecting funds for the victims of the 1944 San Juan earthquake. One of the few who stuck with him when he was temporarily overthrown in October, 1945, she married him that month and helped to prepare his well-rigged February, 1946, Presidential victory.

Perón's prime interest was planning the enlargement and development of his army and country.

This involved a Five-Year Plan of hydroelectric dams, roads, docks and industrialization so vast that he has, in public speeches, explained that he would, if necessary, take fifteen years to finish it.

So he appointed a fattish, balding biscuit manufacturer named Miguel Miranda as "Economic Tsar" whose job it was to convert the rich meat and wheat resources of Argentina's endless pampas into the wherewithal for the plan.

Miranda, in turn, cemented his ties with the inner sanctum by tying in with Evita. Their first step was a new company, A.L.E.A.—Evita is principal stockholder—which began to import and sell badly needed scientific instruments. Nobody else could get the Government permits to import such equipment and A.L.E.A. cleaned up. Then the company expanded to wheat bags, farm machinery and steel manufacture. Aided by special low duties, monopolies and official contracts, each venture showed a handsome profit.

At present, Evita, through A.L.E.A., has very substantial sums deposited in Switzerland and Panama. And she dominates Argentina's National Economic Council, which controls foreign exchange, and the State trading agency, I.A.P.I.

Perón's dismissal of her powerful collaborator, Miranda, has been the latest and greatest blow to Evita's ambitions.

Both Evita and Perón are early risers. Breakfasts together used to be quite an event according to inspired accounts which once appeared in fan magazines. Now these *tête-à-têtes* are no longer stressed.

Both get constant streams of morning callers—delegations, ministers, ambassadors. Perón usually tries conciliation. I've heard him promise a workers' group increased pay, then tell the next delegation, representing employers, that he would positively cut wages. Evita, whose temper is legendary, follows the give-'em-hell approach. In one recent speech she said she wouldn't blanch the day she had to issue the order to have her opponents hanged.

In their rivalry with each other, both Perón and Evita have sought to appeal to as many diverse groups as possible. To help her keep check, Evita has put her brother, Juan, into a top post in Perón's secretariat. Her eldest sister, Elisa, is practically political boss of Junín Province. The husbands of two others hold lucrative political appointments. Her mother's friend, Enrique Nicolini, used to run the vital Posts, Telegraphs and Radio Department. Uneasy over the fact that this permitted a large-scale system of checking on everybody's calls and mail, Perón had his own man replace him.

Her Feminine Brigade

Evita, knowing Argentina's army hates and despises her, has developed a feminine brigade. She's campaigned for universal voting rights, replacing the present State and municipal suffrage. Her feminist programme has even had the age question dropped from registration forms. Women's liberation is her battle cry.

Evita's Ayuda Social or social aid has also built a tremendous following. I saw it operate in Rosario, Argentina's second city. Mothers and children, schoolteachers and local favour-seekers lined up in a vast hall. A few minutes after the appointed hour, Evita strode in briskly. As she listened to story after story, orders were issued. "A house for this one." "A hospital appointment here." "Tickets for clothing."

Both Perón and Evita have sought to strengthen personal ties with the top hierarchy of the Church, not only because of the criticism which marked their early association, but also because the Church has great political weight in Argentina.

Yet it's generally felt in Argentina that her brief audience with the Pope while wearing a form-fitting outfit was a *fracaso*, a failure. Perón, to enhance his own status, later sent a personal gift of several shiploads of wheat for distribution by the Vatican.

But it is for the support of the "shirtless" that the cat-and-dog fight has been bitterest.

It was this group—Argentina's largest labour following—which made Perón's rise possible.

So far neither of the two dominates the worker group completely. It may well be that this, if nothing else, will keep them together.

If Perón Should Die

To many in Latin America, why Perón doesn't do something about Evita is a puzzle. "She already has everything; there is nothing more she could obtain if Perón were killed, overthrown or somehow eliminated," one Argentine explained.

Others who are more sceptical asserted: "Even if Perón died a natural death, it's doubtful whether she could hang on alone.

Her power, though it rivals his, stems from him. Without Perón she wouldn't last a week."

Yet I found many, pointing to the fabulous Eliza Lynch, who in the 1860's ruled neighbouring Paraguay. They said: "Evita could not only make it alone—but might keep it going."

It was an exceptionally well-posted ambassador, speaking off the record, who added it all up: "Down here, where the conflict between these two incredible characters has meant surprise after surprise, anything can happen. One thing is certain. Perón, Evita—and the Argentines—will never die of boredom."

The Sheik it was who died

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

IT WAS A PATCHWORK land of brown desert and emerald grass, the fruit of recent rain. Camels swollen with young munched contentedly; mingled flocks of sheep and goats dotted the slopes of the stony hills.

An armoured car, flying the flag of the Kingdom of Iraq and the pennant of the Desert Police, raced swaying towards an encampment of black tents. The turret seat was occupied by a dark little man.

He said irritably in Arabic: "This motion is as distressing as a ship. I trust I shall not be sick."

A gaunt sergeant of police eased his cramped legs, and replied: "Sir, may the Compassionate and All-Merciful grant that the sight of the corpse may revive you."

"The corpse, my dear Abdullah, has first call on such a prayer." Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department became aware of his ill-humour, and tried to discipline himself by repeating the one hundred and thirteenth sura of the Koran, entitled Brightness; but his mind was running in the groove of the case which had brought him to the desert.

A radio from the assistant director of police at Samawa had read: "Sheik ibn-al-Karibi poisoned. Homicide possible. Investigation requested by Sheik Jabir, brother, who suspects political motive."

A few months previously, Chafik remembered, Al-Karibi had thwarted the ambitions of the Raki, a fanatical warrior tribe of the neutral zone; a lozenge of territory dividing the frontiers of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Iraq. The sheik's refusal to participate in the rising had gained him many enemies, and it was known that Ibn-Nu'uman of the Raki had sworn vengeance.

The manner of the death was suggestive. The police doctor at Samawa had reported indications of a systemic poison; although prevented by religious scruples from making an autopsy, he suspected strychnine.

"Poison and politics are old bedfellows," Chafik said.

"Sir?" said Sergeant Abdullah.

"Oblige me, my dear Abdullah, by reciting the case history of Ibn-al-Karibi. The dryness of your voice may absorb the dampness of my confusion."

"Sir, he had recently taken to himself a young wife. Although married for thirty years to the Lady Mariya, there was no issue. It is reliably reported that the second wife was granted favour. If the child she carries be a son, he will inherit the wealth and power of his esteemed father.

"I have no experience of plurality of wives," Sergeant Abdullah continued, "but I am inclined to speculate on the feelings of the elder wife. She——"

"Enough!" The inspector checked his assistant with raised hand.

The armoured car had now reached the Karibi camp and presently halted before the tent of the sheik. Inspector Chafik gave a final glance at his neat clothes, and adjusted his polka-dot tie as he stepped out.

The pavilion was roofed by a woven canopy of goat's hair. It was seventy feet long and divided by a partition hung with tapestries and rugs. On one side was the *makaad*, the men's quarters, and on the other the harem. The high bier of the sheik stood in the middle of the floor, the corpse shrouded with a red robe, a Koranist crouching at the head and swaying to a hypnotic chant.

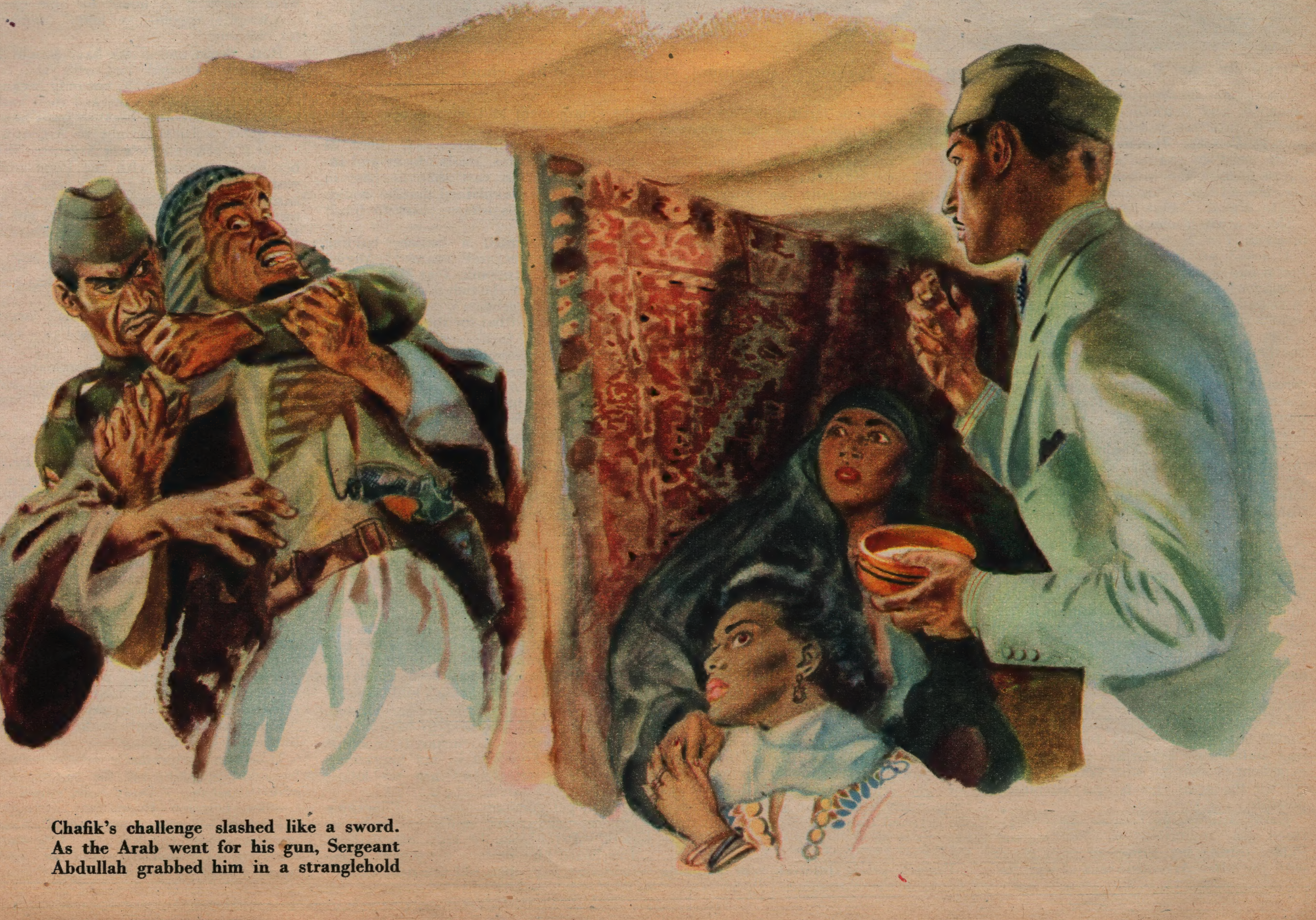
There were many tribal notables present. They sat with faces averted from the bier and gave attention to a man who reclined on a divan. He was speaking slowly, with authority, but stopped at sight of the visitor and rose to exchange salaams.

Sheik Jabir, the brother of Ibn-al-Karibi, had the typical lean, dark face and high-bridged nose of the desert aristocrat. He toyed with a camel-stick, which he presently used to signal for the ceremonial thimble-cups of coffee.

Inspector Chafik, with regret for his nicely pressed trousers, squatted on a violet cushion with yellow tassels. The presence of the corpse was ignored, and nearly twenty minutes passed before Jabir said: "An enemy has acted dishonourably. My brother is slain. To you of the police we turn for vengeance."

"Vengeance is a sword carried only by God, but if it be so willed, I may uncover the truth," said Chafik. "How did this thing happen?"

"My brother returned heated from hunting gazelle. He drank *shineena*, and



Chafik's challenge slashed like a sword. As the Arab went for his gun, Sergeant Abdullah grabbed him in a stranglehold

The Notable murdered in the harem through poisoning; the two wives—one young, the other old and possibly jealous. . . . Chivalrous Inspector Chafik was faced with a disagreeable assignment. A difficult assignment, too, for there proved to be many threads to the pattern of the crime

afterwards complained of giddiness and stiffness in his neck. Then he fell to the floor."

"There were convulsions?"

Jabir nodded.

"How soon did he die?"

"Within two hours."

The inspector looked at the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand, but was imperceptive of the dull red stone. He was thinking that the police doctor's suspicions were correct; the symptoms described by Jabir were those of strychnine poisoning.

"You are sure this drink of soured milk killed him?"

"I gave what was left in the bowl to a dog. It died."

"The evidence is conclusive. Who prepared the milk?"

The brother of Al-Karibi tapped nervously with the camel-stick. He said with obvious reluctance: "It was prepared by the elder wife, the Lady Mariya."

"She prepared it expressly for her husband?"

Jabir made a dignified gesture of protest. "The question is irrelevant. I do not ask you to seek an enemy in the household. My brother's life was threatened by the Raki dogs, and surely this deed is their shame."

"You have proof?"

"If I had, my knife would have found Ibn-Nu'uman's throat——"

Chafik said: "Then as you are without proof please concede the necessity for my questions. I must have all the facts before I can shape a design. Did the Lady Mariya prepare the *shineena* for her husband?"

"So far as I know it was prepared for her sister-wife, who is with child. And again I say these things should not be discussed."

The inspector glanced at the tapestried wall of the harem and noted that the hangings moved. His voice was clear as he went on: "It was, of course, known to me that your brother had taken a second wife, one named Furja, and was soon to be blessed with child. The hope of an heir must have made him very happy."

"He was a man of years, twelve more than I, but the hope made him young."

"And the Lady Mariya shared his joy?" Chafik asked delicately.

"What man knows what a woman thinks? But she nurses Furja. To bring her *shineena* while she rested was surely an act of kindness——"

Inspector Chafik said softly: "Do you say 'surely' because you wish to convince yourself?"

JABIR'S slender hands tightened on the camel-stick and bent it. His mouth was a thin line. Then, yielding with distaste, he said: "If there is doubt in me it is caused by rumour. It is known she sorrowed because the years were barren. And when he took a young wife and a child was conceived——"

"Rumour suggests jealousy was also conceived?"

Jabir stood up, his eyes clouded by anger. "They say the bowl was prepared for Furja. They say it was only chance my brother came hot from the hunt, entered the harem, took the bowl and drank. Otherwise——" The camel-stick snapped between his convulsive hands and he threw the fragments to the ground. "By God and by God, this thought is indeed evil!" he said bitterly. "May wisdom guide you to prove it a lie, for, in truth, I am blinded by my brother's body and can think only of vengeance."

Inspector Chafik went to the doorway of the harem. With an exquisite bow he expressed respect for the two wives of Ibn-al-Karibi, and sorrow for their loss of a husband. He said: "The name is Chafik J. Chafik. I am of the police. Am I permitted to enter?"

A woman reclined on a divan near the partition of the *makaad*. She was young and pretty. Her arms were heavy with bangles, her hands with rings, and her body with child.

Chafik said: "A thousand pardons! If the moment is inopportune, I will withdraw."

A deep voice replied from the shadows: "Furja is strong enough to answer your questions. Enter."

He bowed again. The second woman, who had risen from a stool, was aged by desert standards, but traces of great beauty lingered in her face, which had the clean lines of an etching.

"You are the Lady Mariya, Al Khatoon," he said, giving the title of honour accorded the elder wife of a great sheik.

"What would you hear from us?"

"The story of what happened here. I regret the necessity of asking you to relive events which brought you such sorrow, but——"

"I am not weak," Mariya said, glancing at the other woman. "We shared thirty years, my man and I. They were not always fat years."

"To appreciate a soft bed, sleep first on a hard one," said Inspector Chafik.

"A soft bed breeds envy——"

"And also enemies, Lady Mariya. Do you think Ibn-Nu'uman of the Raki did this thing?"

She shook her head. "Nu'uman has courage. Poison is a coward's weapon. You follow a false trail if you share Sheik Jabir's suspicions."

He looked at her shrewdly. "I wish to know how it came about the sheik drank *shineena* prepared for your sister-wife."

Mariya answered without hesitation. "Our husband came to give us greeting and news of the hunt, as was his custom. When he saw the bowl by Furja's side, he said, 'The desert is in my throat,' and Furja offered him the milk——"

"I said, 'Drink, husband,' and so killed him," moaned the woman on the divan.

Chafik interrupted sternly, "Enough! When he drank, did he say anything?"

"He said, 'This is bitter,' and put the bowl down. I mixed honey with it and he drank again, very deeply. Then he said it was still bitter and called for water. Afterwards——"

Inspector Chafik turned to the elder wife. "Tell me where and how you prepared the *shineena*."

"I made it in the cook tent behind the harem. I took a jug and put in it *libin*, well soured and thickly curded. I beat into it fresh milk until the whole had the consistency of cream."

"Was some left in the jug?"

"Perhaps half a bowl——"

"What did you do with it?"

"I gave it to Ibla, my tiring woman, who was with me. She is also with child. No harm came to her."

Inspector Chafik looked at the shadow humped across the doorway, made by his assistant who stood discreetly outside. "Go question this woman, Abdullah," he called.

"But I could have told Ibla what to say," she said.

"Abdullah is hard to deceive." He shrugged and continued the questioning. "Did you bring the bowl straight here from the other tent?"

"Yes, and Ibla walked with me."

"Show me where you put it."

MARIYA pointed to a low, ivory inlaid table placed in a narrow gap between Furja's divan and the wall of the men's quarters. "She was sleeping, so I put it there at her side."

"You left the bowl. Where did you go then?"

"I sat in the doorway for nearly an hour, waiting for my man," said Mariya.

"Who saw you?"

Mariya considered the question. "Several passed me. Jabir stopped to speak. He had lost a ring which he valued as a talisman and had turned back from the hunt to look for it."

"Did he find it?"

"I do not know. He went into the *makaad* saying he might have dropped it there."

"Was that all that happened?"

"Except for Furja's bad dream. She thought she saw a snake."

Inspector Chafik turned to the sheik's other wife. "Tell me of your dream."

Furja made a pretty little gesture of protest. "It was not a dream. I saw a snake, or a lizard with a very long tail. It was near the table, the bowl. But when I made a movement it vanished into the hanging of the wall."

CHAFIK pulled aside the table and examined the partition between the men's quarters and the harem. There were several slits in the woven fabric, made with a sharp knife at the level of a person kneeling. He opened one by spreading two fingers and had a clear view into the *makaad*. When he finally stood up he noticed the two women were embarrassed.

"The harem has eyes," he said gently. "And possibly ears, too. How soon after you brought the bowl, Lady Mariya, was this snake or lizard seen?"

He noted she gave his question careful thought. "It could not have been very long. First Jabir came and spoke to me. Furja had her dream a few minutes later. When I told her not to be foolish, she went to sleep without drinking her milk."

"Let her be thankful she did not drink."

Chafik's voice was harsh. He went on. "I must review everything as it happened. Will you make me *shineena* as you made it for your sister-wife?"

Mariya said: "I will do it."

When she had gone, he moved slowly around the tent, touching things but saying nothing. He was unusually pale, his lips tight. Furja lay back against the cushions and watched him.

Finally Chafik said: "Lady, why are you afraid?"

"Afraid?"

"There is trouble between you and the Lady Mariya."

Furja shivered as if with cold and huddled under the folds of her heavy robe. "Mariya used to love me," she said.

"When did the change begin?" Chafik asked.

"I don't remember——"

"Before the news there was to be a child?"

"Perhaps about then." The words came in a whisper.

"She has been cruel?"

"No. Never cruel. But she is always watching me. She makes me afraid—I am so afraid."

"Of what?"

"That she may have——" Furja checked herself, but after a moment added abstrusely, "It was so untrue."

"What was untrue?"

"Nothing—Nothing!" She hid her face in the cushions and began to cry.

Chafik said with compassion: "Rest, and forget your fears. The child may be a son, the sheik's heir."

He salaamed and left the harem.

Mariya came from the cook tent carrying an earthenware bowl in which was a white, creamy liquid flecked with minute particles of butter. She gave the bowl to Inspector Chafik and said: "It is not poisoned."

He raised it and drank. "The flavour is delicious. It would be sacrilege to spoil it with strychnine——"

"How was it put in the *shineena*?"

"When I know that I shall know who killed the sheik."

PEERING into the bowl like a crystal gazer, Chafik now said: "Could anybody have entered the harem while you talked with Jabir?"

Mariya answered: "Impossible."

"My profession teaches that to the wicked nothing is impossible. How long did you talk to the sheik's brother?"

"Long enough to become irritated. Perhaps three minutes." She noticed the inspector was puzzled, and, divining his next question, said: "Jabir annoys me because his hands are unstill. He twirls a stick incessantly, usually a camel-stick."

Chafik smiled. "I have noted his habit."

"Addiction is a better word. If he is without a stick he picks up anything that comes to hand, such as the reed with which he annoyed me while we talked. But you wish to know if anybody could have passed us. I say again it was impossible——"

"Tell me, Lady, what is between you and your sister-wife? You do all for her physical welfare, but your affection is withdrawn."

"You are very observant," the woman said. "You have eyes like a chameleon, watching all ways." She turned towards the harem and then came slowly back. "My affection for Furja was withdrawn when suspicion came to gnaw within me like an evil worm."

"Suspicion of what?"

"Shortly after my man took her to wife, she looked on another——"

"Who was this man?"

"Mitkhal, our nephew. He is young as she is young." Mariya clasped her hands, wrung them, and added: "May I be forgiven for what I say. There should

be loyalty between women. In my heart I believe Furja only looked foolishly, as a young girl looks. And I acted quickly to have Mitkhal sent elsewhere. Then came the blessed news of the child——"

"You were pleased?" Chafik asked.

She said fiercely: "I would love my man's child as my own. Yes, I was happy, even as an expectant mother, until the day I sat alone in the harem and heard talk in the *makaad*. My husband had gone to Baghdad and the men were free with their talk."

"What did you overhear?"

"They discussed the possibility of an heir being born, and then Jabir said: 'May the son resemble my brother,' and laughed. Laughed!"

THE guest tent was spacious, rich with rugs and hangings of Damascus silk. But the brass bedstead was incongruous; the coverlet a sour note of purple. A lantern slung from a pole threw light on the little man in jade pyjamas who squatted in the middle of the bed, smoking while he stared at an earthenware bowl and a glass jar with a screw top.

He said to the gaunt police sergeant towering in front of him: "Abdullah, what do you see here?"

"Sir, I see a bowl containing *shineena* and a jar two-thirds filled with transparent crystals, resembling granulated sugar——"

"A bitter sugar," said Inspector Chafik. "I found this jar in the medicine chest of the sheik, in the men's quarters. The crystals are strychnine. There was no lock to the chest. I was informed by Sheik Jabir that anyone needing poison to kill a jackal, or other carrion creature, helps himself."

"As did the murderess——"

The inspector raised neat, plucked eyebrows. "Which murderess?"

"Sir, I confess this case is overgenerous with feminine suspects, but I have formed an opinion, based only on facts. Have I permission to speak?"

"I welcome your voice, Abdullah."

"Sir, it is a fact the sheik's younger wife carries the child never granted the other wife. In fact the *shineena* was prepared by the Lady Mariya. By evidence of Ibla, the tiring woman, the bowl was not poisoned when it was taken into the harem. Therefore——"

Chafik said: "Wait. Let us poison this bowl and establish another fact."

He unscrewed the jar and poured some granules of strychnine into a folded paper, then carefully shook it into the milk. The crystals had a perceptible glitter as they floated on the surface, mingled with the minute clots of cream. The inspector glanced at his watch and lighted a cigarette.

"Continue," he said.

"Sir, I see this as a crime of passion, not a political assassination. I am also of the opinion the bowl was poisoned within the harem."

"I share both opinions."

"The Lady Mariya is a clever woman. It is inconceivable she would have added poison after bringing the milk to her sister-wife without preparing an alibi. If Furja had died, the guilt would have been on Mariya, and her husband would surely have killed her as is the harsh law of the desert."

"Abdullah, I listen with both ears. Who then killed Ibn-al-Karibi?"

The long face of the sergeant became even longer. "Who else," he said sadly, "but the woman who was afraid to let her husband see the child soon to be born? And by killing him in such a way that it seemed an accident, did she not implicate the woman who had knowledge of her unfaithfulness?"

Chafik said: "I do not see it." He was looking into the bowl.

"Sir?"

"I refer to the poison I scattered on the *shineena*. These crystals are almost insoluble, but they have disappeared. Their weight has carried them below the surface in a very few minutes. The poison now lurks in ambush, coated with this creamy substance. If I lifted this bowl and drank, as the sheik drank, the crystals would slide like oysters down my throat. It is a cup equalled only by Borgia. Abdullah, you have woven the facts into a terrifying design. But one thread is left unused——"

"Sir?"

"You forgot the snake, Abdullah,"

"The snake?"

"The snake that hissed. Tomorrow we will look for it."

WITHIN the harem it was cool, but the air had a stale smell. The woman on the divan whimpered; the other rose and placed a cloth dipped in orange water on her sister-wife's forehead.

Inspector Chafik, freshly shaved and mildly perfumed, was apologetic. He had arrived accompanied by Sheik Jabir and the inevitable Abdullah. "I wish to reconstruct what happened here," he explained. He went to the harem door and came back with a bowl. "This is not your delicious *shineena*, Lady. It was made by Ibla, your tiring woman. But favour me by placing it where you put the other bowl."

She took it silently and placed it on the table by the side of Furja. The young woman shuddered and shrank against the cushions.

Inspector Chafik clasped his hands and bowed over them. "But I have set a stage. I ask you to play your parts. Let the Lady Furja try to sleep as she did before. I ask the Lady Mariya to sit in the doorway, and Sheik Jabir will talk with her."

Chafik's right hand quivered in a salaam, and abruptly he left the tent.

Silence reigned in the harem. The pair in the doorway made no effort to exchange words, but Jabir, as usual, fondled his stick nervously. The woman on the divan, weighted with child and drugged by the stale air, began to drowse; but now and then her eyes opened, drawn to the low table and the earthenware bowl.

Then came a hiss; faint but sharp like the tag end of air released from a toy balloon. The younger wife of Ibn-al-Karibi sat upright, hands to her face, screams mounting. "I saw it! The snake—the snake——"

Mariya rose quickly, ran to her and enfolded her in protecting arms. "Hush!" she said. "You saw nothing, my *zaroot*. A shadow perhaps. The shadow of an old dream——"

"I heard it hiss. I saw it, very thin, swaying over the bowl. It vanished as before through the partition of the *makaad*——"

Jabir came, tall, dignified, pointed beard quivering and knuckles whitened with clenching the camelstick. He said with anger: "Let there be an end to this thing. The police are without decency. They shall go."

A voice from the doorway said: "The police are ready to depart. The play is ended."

Inspector Chafik entered, stepping as daintily as a cat and equally watchful. He carried a dry reed, all of three feet long.

He put the reed by the side of the *shineena* bowl and said to Furja: "There is the snake. The deadly poisoned snake."

When he took the bowl between both hands, his actions were nicely timed. When he turned he bowed, and said very softly: "A sheik drank. Let another sheik drink." He offered the bowl to Jabir.

The man stepped back. "Has madness touched you?" he shouted.

"Drink!" Chafik took a following step and offered the bowl again. "Are you frightened because a snake hissed? Do you think the reed *I* inserted through the slit in the harem wall was loaded with strychnine? Do you think *I* blew poison into this bowl?"

"You accuse me——"

"I accuse." Authority gave the inspector stature. "For thirty years you saw no impediment to ultimate succession to your brother's power. Mariya could give him no child. But then he took another wife. And she carries what may be a son, Al-Karibi's heir."

FURJA whispered from the divan: "Because of that he wished to kill me."

"Yes, Lady. And by planting unjust suspicion of the child's fathering, he made your sister-wife act coldly toward you, to give evidence of jealousy and so establish a motive. If you had drunk the *shineena* and died, there would have been overwhelming evidence against Mariya."

"My husband would then have killed me. He was a just man," Mariya said. She drew the head of the younger woman to her bosom and rocked her gently.

The inspector nodded. "Then we of the police would have come and taken him away, since the Mosaic law is not favoured in Baghdad. So by arithmetical progression, Jabir planned to remove all three. Or should I say four? The young wife and the possible heir. The elder wife who wields authority in the tribe; and the brother who ruled too long. But an inscrutable and compassionate God intervened in this diabolical plan. It was the sheik who died."

Turning suddenly to the man who had edged to the doorway, Chafik's next words slashed like a sword. "I arrest you for the murder of Ibn-al-Karibi. The mark of Cain is upon you."

Jabir dropped the camel-stick and threw back his robe, exposing the holster of a gun. As he felt for it a shadow closed behind him, and Sergeant Abdullah embraced him in a strangler's grip.

Inspector Chafik said in a pitiless voice, "Abdullah, I beg you. Do not cheat the hangman of his fee——"

"TRAITOR'S ISLAND": NEW SERIAL

FOR WEBB CARR, returning to the Italian island of San Ricci, the de Cresti Palace was a place of ghosts. As a special agent during the war, he hid there for a few desperate weeks until betrayed to the Germans—the fate that also befell the lovely Julie. Now he is back on a different kind of mission that leads to intrigue, adventure and romance in a brilliant new novel.

The author, Martha Albrand (right), thirty-eight year old Danish-American, spent much of her childhood in Britain. She has travelled widely, inheriting the wanderlust from her great-grandfather, a Polish aristocrat who renounced his title to become a missionary.

This is Martha Albrand's twenty-first book. The serial version, *Traitor's Island,*

STARTS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Coxswain Fred Upton and his lifeboatmen have witnessed both panic and heroism. Wreck of the *Helena Modjeska* (above right) led to a tragedy ashore

HE GUARDS THE GOODWINS

by GEORGE CARTER

The treacherous strip that lures ships to their doom is as familiar to him as his own hearthrug

HE IS FIFTY-ONE, a bachelor with dark hair, blue eyes, a fresh complexion and his cap cocked at a distinctive angle. He is thickset and as strong as his own lifeboat: he rowed single-handed across the Channel piloting Tom Blower on his successful Channel swim.

But the thing that strikes you most about Fred Upton, coxswain of the Walmer lifeboat, is his restlessness. He is as restless as a roving gull. As he stands talking to you on Walmer strand, beside the grey stone lifeboat-house or by his varnished motor boat, the *Rose Marie*, his eyes are constantly straying to where the giant surf runs smoking over the distant Goodwins.

The Goodwins—probably the world's deadliest spot for shipping—are Upton's life, his living, and his constant great adventure.

In the summer he takes parties of visitors to visit the sands in the *Rose Marie*. That is excitement enough for most—to hear the roar of the advancing flood tide; to see the wall of oncoming white breakers and to know that without the skill of Upton you might be doomed.

But it is the winter days and nights that stand out in Upton's memory. . . . November 25, 1945, when the maroons summoning the lifeboat crew rang out; the shadowy figures sped along Walmer strand; and the lifeboat *Charles Dibden* thundered down the steep beach.

Despite the darkness, and the knowledge that other wrecks were waiting to rip the bottom out of the lifeboat, Coxswain Upton thrust on clean across the Goodwins. He found the American troopship *Leland Stanford*, with 670 troops aboard, ashore on the " off " part of the Sands.

Troops Aboard Got Uneasy

Upton got the lifeboat alongside in the darkness and climbed aboard for a conference with the American captain. The American vessel was in a perilous position, half on and half off the Sands, liable to break in two as soon as the tide ebbed and left her unsupported.

The *Leland Stanford* began to list badly and the troops aboard looked at each other uneasily. America and home seemed far away now. Upton and his crew toiled like galley-slaves, running out a huge kedge anchor. Then, as the tide returned, the *Leland Stanford*, helped by tugs from Dover, was able to pull herself clear of the sucking grip of the Goodwins and the 670 soldiers went safely on their way.

This was the beginning of a period in which the Goodwins became known as " Calamity Corner " for U.S. freighters —a title not unconnected with a decision of the War Shipping Administration in Washington that " employment of pilots for such waters as the English Channel is considered unnecessary. . . . Numerous cases have been observed where pilots have been employed at great expense and without prior authority. . . . These waters are of wide expanse and relatively free of danger. . . ."

Perhaps all seas look blue on a map.

Rescued as Ship Broke Up

On January 30, 1946, Upton snatched the crew of the American vessel *Luray Victory* from the Goodwins even as the vessel, with a succession of shattering crashes, broke up beneath their feet. On September 12, 1946, the *Helena Modjeska* was wrecked on the Goodwins, a tale of tragic errors which culminated in the death of Captain William Curran, the master of the wrecked ship, behind the locked doors of a Ramsgate hotel.

On Christmas Eve, 1946, the *North Eastern Victory* hit the sands. All that bitter night, Upton and his men stood by the shattered vessel, singing carols to hearten the crew. On Christmas Day the Walmer lifeboat took the Americans ashore. The shattered halves of the *North Eastern Victory* still stick up forlornly from the mountain of surf that runs over the Goodwins.

Coxswain Upton is as much at home on the Goodwins—the ten- by four-mile " shippe swallower "—as the average man is on his own hearthrug. He knows every deadly half-hidden wreck, every mound, foxfall and swatchway. (A foxfall is a pool nearly twenty feet deep, caused by tide swirls; a swatchway is a passage navigable to small boats.)

There is something almost supernatural in the way he can go to almost any part of the sands, even in a thick fog. I have been with Upton in the lifeboat when it was so dense that the fore part of the boat was not visible, and have seen him pick up a certain buoy on the sands with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon flying to its loft.

Descended on his mother's side from a famous old storm warrior, Jarvist Arnold, coxswain of the Kingsdown lifeboat, *Sabrina*, who wore out three lifeboat crews in service to the Goodwins, Coxswain Upton has paternal ancestors equally as spectacular.

His great-grandfather was lost on the Goodwins while trying to evade a French privateer. Great-grandfather Upton had the choice of two things: capture by the fast, heavily armed Frenchman, or running the gauntlet of the Goodwins with an ebbing tide leaving the sands bare.

He ran—and lost the gamble. His lugger tore her bottom out on the bones of an old wreck.

Thomas Upton, who spent a year on the Gull lightship off Deal without coming ashore, used to take his small son, Fred, off in his swift sailing-galley. Together father and son would range the forlorn Goodwins, looking for ships which might need a pilot, or vessels which had run aground.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, a small boy grew to manhood, absorbing his father's tremendous knowledge and experience of a spot which, up to the close of the nineteenth century, had engulfed shipping to the value of £100,000,000 sterling and 50,000 human lives.

Devil Take the Hindermost—

Out there on the Goodwins, Fred Upton sees life at very close quarters. He tells of the Greek freighter, *Ira*, wrecked in March, 1947. " One of the nastiest things I ever saw happen on the Goodwins. The ship started to go to pieces all at once and I've never seen such a panic in all my life.

" Ship's boats were lowered at random; men jumped into them, yelling at the tops of their voices and drifting away with the tide.

" They jumped into the lifeboat, shouting at us to get away from the vessel while others were still aboard. We had to fight to keep alongside."

Against that tale of panic Upton sets one of outstanding heroism—the heroism of Captain Francesco Ruocco, master of the *Silvia Onorato*, of Naples. The Deal Coastguard saw the vessel aground on the eastern edge of the Goodwins when a dense fog lifted at ten to three in the afternoon of Friday, January 2, 1948.

A murderous sea was smashing hammer blows at the Italian vessel, and, as the Walmer lifeboat went alongside, a wave tossed her high above the wreck. She fell clear by a matter of inches, only slightly damaged and none of her crew hurt.

Upton managed to get one of his men aboard to give instructions to the Italian captain to put his engines full ahead. But the ebb tide was leaving the Goodwins and there was not enough water to float the vessel.

Upton knew that, with the wind where it was, there would be a bigger sea when the flood tide started to run. Ruocco was told this in detail, but he refused to leave his ship. " My ship, my life. Ship go, me go," was his reply.

All through that day and the next his attitude—brave, if not sensible—was the same.

Still He Would Not Quit

With one break for refuelling, Upton and his men did their best to keep alongside, the lifeboat tossing up and down in the stormy seas.

Two hours before dawn on the Sunday, Upton called across to Ruocco and asked him and his men to leave while there was still enough water for the lifeboat to keep alongside. The answer he got was: " Ship, she tight. One piece. Crew say ' No come.' "

So Upton steered the lifeboat back to Walmer to refuel again. He and his crew were wet to the skin, exhausted and hungry. They changed their clothes and ate. Then back again at 2.50 p.m. to try to persuade Ruocco that his ship would never leave the Goodwins. The Italian refused to quit, though a crack was already beginning to gape down the vessel's side. Finally, Upton played his trump card, a message from Lloyd's agent at Dover, which read: " Gale, force 9, imminent. Gusts 53 m.p.h."

This terse notice at last convinced Ruocco of the futility of trying to stay with his ship. With his crew of twenty-eight men, two German stowaways and his dog, he climbed into the lifeboat.

For this protracted and difficult service, Coxswain Upton was awarded the Royal National Lifeboat Institution Silver Medal for Gallantry. Freddy beams with pride when he speaks of it.

Then he returns to the job nearest his heart, which is neither ploughing through the mountainous winter seas in his lifeboat nor conducting the summer trippers in the *Rose Marie* but long-lining for cod and skate or standing on the beach shaking out the sprats and herrings from his nets. And every few moments letting his eyes stray to the distant line of surf which marks the Goodwins.

This is the second article on developments in Japan by HESSELL TILTMAN,

JAPS PREFER THE B

—or so many of them

TOKYO

THE JAPANESE PEOPLE have always admired and respected the British. At Tokyo one is told how, when the United Kingdom survived both Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, millions of Japanese decided that Britain was verily a land protected by the gods which could never be conquered.

In those days they thought the same about Japan itself; later they learned better!

Today Great Britain still enjoys considerable prestige in Japan. The Japanese are admittedly the world's greatest opportunists and adepts at the game of playing off one country against another. But after making due allowance for that fact it remains true that most Japanese who have contacts with the British like them.

The Japanese, a reserved race that makes a fetish of superficial politeness, admire the quiet, rather conservative, British manner and habits.

Intelligent Japanese stress the similarities of the situations at present facing defeated Japan and victorious Britain. Both nations must export or starve. Both have lost many prewar sources of overseas income. Both face serious dollar deficits in their trading accounts, although in Japan's case this is at present concealed by General MacArthur's bounty and free American imports. Both face shortages and austerity.

Were Japan cut adrift by the American taxpayers tomorrow, and left to shift for herself without MacArthur's paternalistic care, the resultant crisis would make Britain's economic position look like near-prosperity.

For all these reasons, Japan is watching developments in Britain intently; the nation knows it can learn more from the other island kingdom's methods of handling its postwar problems than from the rich United States. Hence the eager curiosity in Japan about all things British, from the monarchy to the controlled economy and other policies of the British Government.

Nobody throws rocks at Santa Claus. And in postwar Japan Santa Claus—in the person of General MacArthur, whom the Japs publicly venerate as a near-god—rides majestically flanked by United States Army military police, in a long shiny Cadillac limousine displaying encircled five-stars fore and aft, and wearing the famous gold-encrusted uniform cap which is the hallmark of the hero of Bataan..

But every Occupation, however benevolent, inevitably generates minor social stresses and strains due to the people of widely differing civilizations living in close contact.

The MacArthur Occupation of Japan is no exception. And that Occupation being predominantly American, it is the United States and not Britain which is the target of such criticisms and dissatisfactions as exist.

Out of Bounds

Decent Japanese have become irked by the American tendency to think American ideas are always right—and Japanese ideas and habits always wrong, or at best "quaint." They resent being treated as second-class citizens in their own country, and they resent the whole "colonial" atmosphere of the Occupation, which has been characterized by the introduction of a segregation system as strict as in many of the southern states of America. (A Japanese national may not even stand on a platform at Tokyo Central Station when an "Allied" train arrives or departs.)

Japanese do not appreciate their race being referred to as "gooks"—G.I. slang for Japanese—or their daughters being addressed as "sugar" and "honey" by the Occupation troops.

They dislike the public necking and hugging between Japanese girls and American G.I.s in a land where any display of emotion in public—even between husband and wife—has always been rigidly taboo. They complain that, since the Americans arrived, too many Japanese girls have been learning the English language too quickly—and learning all the wrong words first!

And so decent Japanese are to an increasing extent keeping themselves to themselves. A Japanese girl who accepts dates with Americans runs the risk that no good-class Japanese youth would consider marrying her. Tokyo geisha, greatly daring, sing songs satirizing the conquerors. And Japanese businessmen carefully leave their families at home when entertaining "the visitors."

This is not to suggest that the average American "Occupationaire," whether in uniform or not, is ill-behaved. On the whole, the Americans in Japan have acquitted themselves well. The feeling arises from the widely differing standards of social behaviour in Japan and the United States. And so, when speaking of American ways, thoughtful Japanese frequently say: "MacArthur is a fine man doing a fine job, but. . . ." About the British one hears fewer "buts."

Again, the Japanese tend to differentiate, in their opinions of the foreigners in their midst, between the men who come to Japan to stay and to contribute something solid to the reconstruction of that nation and the other sort—the men who are in Japan to "make a killing" if they can and then go home. It so happens that most of the civilian British now in Japan are there to stay.

Two Good Men

Finally, Japan's postwar opinions concerning the British Commonwealth have been deeply influenced by two men—one an English diplomat, the other an Australian soldier.

The diplomat is Sir Alvarey Gascoigne, head of the United Kingdom Liaison Mission at Tokyo (they don't call them ambassadors in Occupied Japan), who has, since his arrival here early in the Occupation, displayed not only a wide knowledge and understanding of Japan and its people, but has won the confidence and the ear of General MacArthur.

Sir Alvarey stands out as one of the shrewder diplomatic brains in Japan today.

The soldier is Lieut.-General H. C. H. Robertson, the Australian commander-in-chief of that gallant and successful experiment in a co-ordinated military force which is called B.C.O.F.—the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan.

Originally arriving in Japan at the beginning of 1946 as a fully integrated land, sea and air force composed of some 40,000 United Kingdom, Australian, New Zealand and Indian troops and airmen, B.C.O.F. has been reduced to a virtually all-Australian "token" force of no more than 2,000 men. But it remains in being as a reminder that this is an Allied Occupation; and Australian troops still share guard duty with the Americans outside the gates of Tokyo's Imperial Palace.

Speaks His Mind

The achievements of this B.C.O.F. in Japan (and it has made solid contributions to the Occupation alike in the demilitarizing of the Japanese islands, the military phase of "policing" Japan, and in upholding the good name of the British Commonwealth) were in large measure the achievements of its sandy-haired commander-in-chief.

General Robertson has proved himself a man who thinks big and is not afraid to speak his mind. And top-ranking Americans openly admire and respect his integrity, tenacity and breadth of vision.

Now, in place of the British in uniforms, the British in business suits are trickling back. Some fifty British commercial representatives—a mere fraction of the 1,500 civilian Britons living in Japan in 1939, but a beginning—have returned and resumed business in British banks, shipping companies, insurance concerns and as newspaper correspondents, missionaries, teachers and traders.

This British community on the other side of the world will grow. These last months, for the first time since 1941, there have been other uses in Japan for sterling banknotes than to light cigarettes with. It is again possible in Japan to think in terms of British currencies.

The recently concluded sterling trade agreement has brought home to the Japanese their dependence on the British

Japs frown on flirting by G.I.s, and make troops' behaviour a point of comparison with British ways

on-the-spot observer

BRITISH

would have us believe

Erstwhile boss himself—MacArthur—is publicly almost deified by Japs. Reproach is reserved for his system

Commonwealth for a substantial slice of the real, as distinct from temporary and artificial, foreign trade of their country. The days when three-quarters of Japan's exports go to the United States, as was happening as recently as last summer, are numbered.

To rebuild Japan's foreign trade even to the volume needed to enable the inhabitants of her teeming cities to exist would be an impossible task without access to the markets of the British colonies and the sterling area.

The British in Japan have always taken a more realistic view of the new Japan than the majority of Americans. Most of them know the Japanese from earlier days. And they have on the whole remained sceptical about the claims issued by General MacArthur's headquarters that the country is feverishly democratizing itself, and that the Japanese masses have been transformed overnight by a stiff dose of MacArthurian directives.

Empty Catechism

Unlike some of the starry-eyed aides around MacArthur, the majority of the British who know Japan best are not inclined to trust the Jap until he has proved far more conclusively than to date that he is fit to be trusted. Nor are the Tokyo British unduly influenced by Japan's newly acquired passion for democratic slogans.

Some Japanese go around chanting the word " de-mok-rass-ie " like a catechism. But the vast majority are as hazy about the meaning of the term as the Japanese fisherman who recently told me the candidate he voted for in Japan's last election was defeated, and then inquired: " What's the use of democracy if the man you vote for doesn't win?"

Or the farmer who remarked: " I do not think this new democracy will work for us; not at this time. We do not want these newcomers running our affairs. They do little more than stir up trouble, adopting new policies which we do not understand and which do not fit into our way of living. Let us leave government, democracy and the new Constitution to those who understand such things. We will vote as we have always voted, without asking questions."

In fairness to the Japanese, I would add that the naïvety of the fisherman and farmer was no worse, and more understandable, than that displayed by an official at MacArthur's headquarters who telephoned an American woman official, engaged in showing Japanese housewives in a far Prefecture how to form women's groups, and sweetly inquired: " How many women's societies have you democratized this month? I have democratized eight in the past fortnight."

As one shrewd observer put it: " Were I a Japanese general looking for the chance to stage a comeback I would not care a hoot whether the Japanese Government was headed by a Conservative, a Liberal, a Democrat or a Socialist. The important fact would be that they are all Japanese and think and act like Japanese."

What most disturbs the British in Japan is a growing suspicion that the Japanese industrialists will also think and act like Japanese in the matter of Japan's export drive which is now getting up steam.

With the assurance of American backing, the traders of Tokyo, Osaka and Nagoya are getting set to win back not only prewar markets but, if possible, better than prewar markets. And to do it by the same mixture of efficient organization and cheap manpower as before.

This is a matter of some concern to every British wage-earner who does not relish the idea of living on the British equivalent of a diet of rice, a bed on the floor, and a pittance as wages. Japan's greatest single asset as a nation is her millions of willing docile workers. That labour power is still, by British standards, employed at bargain rates.

Their Mill Girls

Japan's cotton industry today has some 2,600,000 spindles in operation, compared with an average of around 8,000,000 prewar. Present plans formulated by the Occupation authorities provide for building the cotton textile industry up to half the prewar operating maximum, with a virtual certainty that this limit will be raised later.

The average wage of the girls employed in those textile mills (girls form eighty-six per cent of the total labour force of the industry) is equivalent, at the Occupation rate of exchange, to forty shillings monthly, plus food and a space to sleep in a dormitory attached to the mill.

" Take-home " pay for male textile workers in recent months has averaged £5 monthly, plus either a cheap-rent " company dwelling " or a rent allowance, and one meal daily.

At Nagoya, Japan's third commercial city, I recently visited a factory engaged in the production of high-class dinnerware for export. In that factory (production eighty per cent of prewar) one worker in every three were girls of between fourteen and twenty years of age earning the equivalent of ten shillings weekly.

Cotton textiles and porcelain are among Japan's most important export industries. Yet the workers in those mills and factories are lower paid than the majority of Japan's factory labour, average monthly money wages for all manufacturing workers in Japan being £7 10s. for men and £3 for women.

The mass production of Japanese goods at these Asiatic wage rates is steadily increasing. Industrial production in Japan during the six months from April to October, 1948, rose from fifty per cent to sixty-one per cent of prewar.

The United States is actively prodding the Japanese to hike that figure higher. For in no other way can Japan get off the American Dole and still provide for a population which today numbers eighty millions in a country little larger than the United Kingdom—and which is increasing by 4,000 every twenty-four hours!

British trade experts on the spot are not worrying about the next year or two; they are disturbed about what will happen after that. But sooner or later the point is going to be reached where Japan's resurgent industries must compete directly with Britain's workers for orders. And no amount of " let's-all-be-friends " propaganda can either halt the economic rebirth of the Japanese nation—or the consequences when Japan's rice standard and Britain's Western living standards come into collision in world markets.

What They Fear

At present, however, Japan's traders are preaching the delights of " co-operation rather than competition." For various good reasons, besides their need for a slice of British Commonwealth markets and access to British-produced raw materials, wideawake Japanese want relations with Britain to be good. As they put it: " The British know our part of the world and we know them."

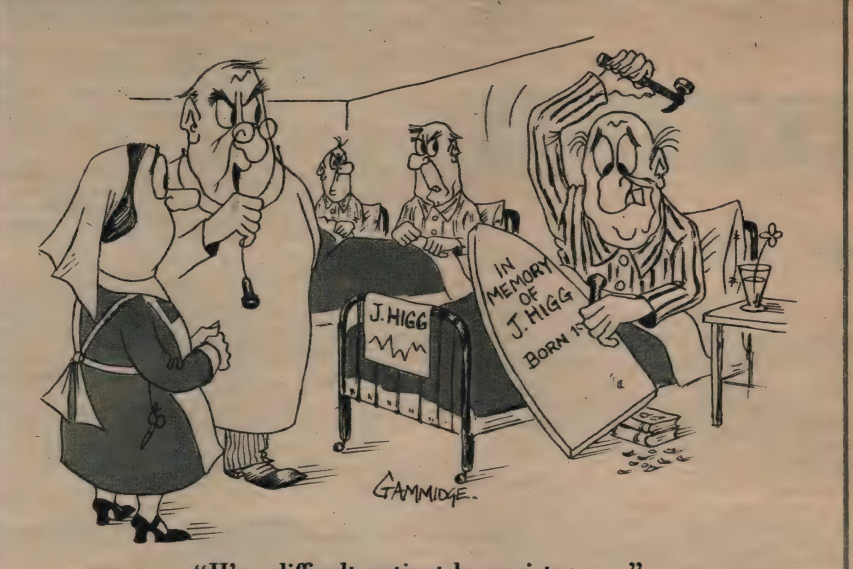
Behind that attitude is a fear—the fear that Japan might, unless the British continue to occupy a prominent rôle in Far Eastern affairs, end up as virtually an American colony.

Which is precisely what appears likely to happen.

NEXT ARTICLE: Japan Wins the Peace

FREE SPEECH

Remedy for "chaotic" Britain, by a New Zealander.
Less booing if referees revealed boxers' scores.
U.S. makes "British" films: let's make Westerns.


J. HIGG
IN MEMORY OF J. HIGG BORN 1
GAMMIDGE.

"H'm, difficult patient here, sister . . ."

I AM GREATLY AMUSED to hear over the B.B.C. the constant calls for more production in Britain as the only remedy for her present economic ills.

Just suppose every family spent half their earnings on liquor, tobacco and football pools, would anyone expect anything but chaos! Yet this is precisely what Britain is doing now. £1,600,000,000 are spent annually on these things. The remedy is to cut this appalling waste, and you will have food and home requisites in abundance; and the saving in labour should bring about the production necessary to relieve Britain of her liability to America.—H. C. CHRISTIAN, Cambridge, New Zealand.

Let the Fans Know

REFEREES AT professional boxing matches should support their decisions by giving the score of each boxer. Often, the charge is made that an unfair decision has been given, and the practice of divulging the score instead of, as at present, keeping figures secret, would allay any fear that the referee has shown prejudice.—P. KEMP, 16 Commercial Road, Hayle, Cornwall.

Giddalong

"Tex" Thomas

AFTER seeing many films made by American studios with "British" settings, I think it is high time a British studio turned out a Western.

Several of our coastal areas would be ideal for the purpose. We have technicians and equipment, so that all that remains is to find a singing cowboy. I think I have all the qualifications. Firstly, I can't act; secondly, I can't ride a horse, but I can drive a big car. And I'm a wonderful shot with a gun full of blanks.

As to the singing—well I'm as good as the next cowboy at opening and shutting my mouth while someone else actually sings.—"TEX" THOMAS, 33 Lower Sutherland Street, Swinton, Lancs.

Priority for the Old

EXPECTANT MOTHERS are exempt from queueing, but what about extending the privilege to elderly housewives? It is pitiful to see old women of over seventy standing shivering in queues on cold mornings. — M. SAUNDERS, 10 Oxford Gardens, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21.

Next Station

INTERESTED IN YOUR advice to the Railway Executive to indicate more clearly the destination of trains (JOHN BULL, January 22), my mind went back to the days of the old "Tuppeny Tube" in London. Then, at each end of the carriage, an indicator showed the name of the next station. Later, at each station, porters used to shout out the following one.—R. GARDINER, 166 Belgrave Road, Wanstead, London, E.

No Need for Gas Deaths

WE OFTEN READ OF deaths through leakages in gas mains. There is a simple method of eliminating carbon monoxide from coal gas. In Poland and other countries it is illegal to sell gas that has not been so treated.—DAVID M. ELIAS, 1 Ash Villas, Troedyrhiw, Merthyr Tydfil, Glam.

Idealists are Intolerant . . .

Mrs. M. Douch

THE advice by Herbert Hodge to doubters (JOHN BULL, January 15), may shock those of strictly orthodox beliefs and cause him to be labelled as a cynic. Yet how tolerant are the cynics of the world in comparison with the stern idealists! They realize, like Robert Louis Stevenson, that virtue cloistered in a convent cannot be tested. I myself began to have doubts at the age of twenty, after strict religious upbringing. My researches into comparative religion led me into appreciating all of them.

I now feel that it does not matter if you pray in a church, or on the steps of a temple, or if you do not pray at all, provided you try to do good to everybody and leave the world better for your passage through it.—MRS. M. DOUCH, 25d Trebovir Road, Earls Court, London, S.W.5.

. . . Doubters Are Afraid

HERBERT HODGE'S advice to doubters is to go on doubting.

But isn't doubt one of the main reasons for the chaotic state of the world today? Pasteur, Curie, Livingstone, and Florence Nightingale won through by faith, and not by doubting: to doubt is to fear.—MRS. I. GOUGH, 57 Knock Eden Park, Belfast.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It Takes Two . . .

THERE is a common saying: "It takes two to make a quarrel." It's equally true that it takes two to *end* a quarrel.

Many mere tiffs develop into bitter enmities because friendly advances by one side are misunderstood or flatly rebuffed by the other.

Each side rigidly adopts the attitude: "I *know* I'm right. Therefore you *must* be wrong." The odds are, of course, that both are wrong. The man who can get that fact into his head has grasped the key to all wisdom.

Human relationships can be as smooth as our pride will let them be.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Accent on Success

HOW TRUE WAS THE article "Out of Your Own Mouth" by R. C. Shaw (JOHN BULL, January 22). Brought up in a slum, I left an elementary school to become a wage earner, and lived in poverty which was harassing mentally and physically.

Yet I always determined to speak good English, despite the ridicule of other slum dwellers. Time passed; I attended evening classes, won two scholarships, which took me to college and finally to university.

Today, as a professional worker, I feel that my early determination to speak properly has been the root of any success I have achieved. Good diction and a pleasing voice will get you by anywhere. —N. M. T., Wigan. (Full name and address enclosed.)

How Teachers Speak

AS A TEACHER I must protest most strongly against R. C. Shaw's suggestion that members of our profession need special courses so that they "might in time speak as well as the clergy."

I am convinced that the absurdly affected speech adopted by most clergymen goes far to explain why so many people refuse to take them seriously, and I can think of no greater folly than to erect a similar barrier between teachers and children.—PLAIN ENGLISH, Bucks. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Proud of Dialect

IN SWITZERLAND WHERE they have no aristocracy, all classes proudly speak their own dialect. The same is true of Russia. A classless society in Britain, far from making us all talk "standard" English, would allow the individuality of regional characteristics in speech to flourish.—JOHN HANNA, 15 Prestwick Street, Burnley, Lancs.

Spivs in Paris

THE ARTICLE "France Isn't Finished" by Matthew Halton (JOHN BULL, January 22) reminded me of an incident similar to that experienced by the author which occurred to me and a friend in Paris.

Stopped by French spivs we were offered 650 to 700 francs for each British pound, at a time when the official rate of exchange was 480 francs per pound. Our refusal brought higher offers, and it was quite some time before we could convince these touts that we genuinely had no intention of doing business with them. Higher rates were offered for American dollars, and more still for Swiss francs. — DOROTHY PROVAN, "Marianna," Craigruthan Road, Whitecraigs, near Glasgow.

Poles Apart

FOR SOME WEEKS I have been the girl friend of a Polish student—and how different he is from the average British boy. He likens my homely features to a beautiful English rosebud! This sort of compliment gives a girl tremendous uplift. British boys have a lot to learn from Continental technique.—SEVENTH HEAVEN, London, S.E.18. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Learned He Had T.B.

IT WAS ONLY after reading Dr. Harvey Graham's article "How to Beat T.B." a few months ago (JOHN BULL, August 21, 1948), that I realized my illness was not the after effects of pleurisy as I had thought, but T.B. in a moderately advanced form. An X-ray of my chest proved this to be true.—PATIENT, Shropshire. (Full name and address enclosed).

Hostels for the Young . . .

TWO LARGE NON-PROFIT MAKING hostels with all modern conveniences have recently been opened for single girls in London. A fine idea—but what about single men, too? Y.M.C.A. billets are hard to get and offer many restrictions. Reasonable private lodgings are expensive. Non-profit hostels are the solution —for single people of both sexes.—R. H., London, N.W.2. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . And Not-so-Young

A CORRESPONDENT wrote (JOHN BULL, January 29) citing the tragedy of an elderly couple parted in a "workhouse." Under the National Assistance Act of 1948, local authorities are building homes for old couples to spend their last years together. This, of course, takes time, and anyone needing help should write to local County Welfare Officers.—WELFARE OFFICER. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

BUSBY'S BOYS GO FOR GOALS

by JULIAN HOLLAND

***Attack* is the battle-cry of Manchester United. That plus teamwork is what manager Busby calls "playing football"**

Manchester's Rowley v. Arsenal's goalie. Teams are tactical opposites

"THEY JUST PLAY *football*," said Matt Busby, Manchester United's manager, when I asked him for the secret of his team's success during the last two seasons.

And it may be as simple as that.

Never can less *real* football have been played than is played in the average Saturday afternoon League scramble today. Until Manchester United's Cup success last year, sides like Arsenal and Burnley had taken most of football's prizes since the war by the development of negative, defensive tactics which seemed to be the new order of the day.

They were hard to beat and even harder to watch. They won games and lost friends.

But while Arsenal, by these heart-breaking methods, was carving out for itself the League Championship for 1947-48, a less remorseless team was, week by week, stealing the season's glory. Manchester United, the Cup winners of 1948, was the team of the year, even by Highbury consent. It came to the fore towards the close of 1947, playing aggressive, positive, attacking football which carried it to Wembley against all the odds of postwar football, and to victory in the finest footballing spectacle seen at a Cup Final within memory.

Not since 1897 has a club won the Cup and the League Championship in the same season. This year it seemed as if Manchester United might bring off the double feat—and deservedly.

Great Team, Simple Plan

For this side which Busby has built is, without question, one of the great teams of all time. It is comparable with the great Arsenal side of the thirties, a triumph of team-building unequalled since the days of Herbert Chapman.

Matt Busby had a simple plan. It was to produce at Manchester a *better* team than any other, based on a single principle: attack, attack, ATTACK.

"When an attack is on," says Matt, "ten men go up in attack. And when they must defend, all come back to help." In his playing days, Busby himself was one of the classic Scottish attacking wing-halves—an inside-forward who had moved into the half-back line but continued to play the constructive, attacking game of the inside-forward.

Busby, a thick-set, square-jawed Scot, has the busy, happy manner of the successful manager. He has built up a forward line that no £100,000 worth of purchases could have obtained.

"They can all score goals," Matt points out, "and that is essential to the speedy finishing of our fast, direct attacks. As all five of them are able goal-scorers there is no unnecessary manoeuvring to end a movement at the feet of the sharp-shooter of the line."

Yet his five forwards are diverse enough: Delaney, on the right wing, with his harrier-like speed and his lean, probing figure, still in the top class despite his years; the tiny, plump Morris at inside-right, a brilliant ball player, tricky, fast and unpredictable; Pearson at inside-left, quiet and effective with his polished, academic football, the schemer of the line; Mitten, brooding on the left wing, full of tricks and almost impertinent self-confidence, in my opinion the best outside-left in England; and in the centre, dominant and bustling, yet so accomplished, Jack Rowley, the hardest kicker of a ball in the game.

Shot Faster Than Sight

In the England v. Switzerland international at Highbury a few weeks back, Rowley scored England's fourth goal with the most perfect shot I have ever seen.

Matthews, dallying with the ball near the corner flag, had forced the Swiss into packing their goal to await the expected centre. The English forwards were there, too, all except Rowley, who was standing about thirty-five yards from goal near the centre of the field. Instead of centring, Matthews pulled the ball back to Rowley, who, running into it, cracked it into the goal almost faster than sight could follow.

These five Manchester forwards make up a line which points again to a comparison with the great Arsenal team of the early thirties; to the line of Hulme, Jack, Coleman, James and Bastin.

Rapid, almost bewildering, interchanges of position are a feature of their attack. Although these appear to be—and, indeed, their success is—the outcome of hours of exact planning and intense practice, Busby says that the switches themselves are always begun spontaneously.

"If Rowley chases a loose ball out to the right wing," he says, "then Delaney will move into the middle to take his place. After about five minutes, during a lull or in the course of another attack, they will move back into their own positions. That's the simplest example. It works the same way with complicated interchanges of position. They know what to do."

A football field is large enough for such improvisation. Ambitious as these moves often are, Matt Busby insists that they always spring naturally out of the course of the game. The football coach is not a general. He cannot move his flags about on a sand-table and order this and that plan of campaign with certainty of execution. Busby knows that he is dealing with eleven highly individualized human beings and can only *suggest* movements.

In any case, he claims, Manchester United owes a lot to its defence as well. And the truth is that this defence is as capable of preventing goals as any of the infamous "stonewall" defences which are yearly breaking records and at the same time ruining the game. The great difference, though, is that Busby's kind of defence consistently serves the attack in a way the "stonewall" defences never do.

The two wing-halves are, as Busby himself was, primarily attackers (Cockburn is almost a sixth forward), and when the opponents' goal is being bombarded they stand in position on the corners of the penalty area waiting for the loose ball from which they may score while the goalkeeper is unsighted. The tiny, busy Cockburn and McGlen, the one change from last year's side, rival Portsmouth's Scoular and Dickinson in the thoroughness with which they do their wing-halves' work. Almost like a pair of rugby wing-forwards, they are in attack and in defence wherever the ball is.

The Weak Spot Held

Busby describes Chilton, the centre-half, as "the side's most improved player." When plans for the 1948 Cup Final were being laid, Chilton was the centre of interest, for it was said that he was the one weak spot in the Manchester defence. Blackpool went so far as to drop its regular centre-forward to play Mortensen in the middle to exploit this weakness. But Chilton held the match-winner and his side won. Since then he has improved with every game.

Busby regards Johnny Carey, the right-back, as a great captain as well as a great player. In a brilliant footballing career, he has moved through nine positions of the game to a complete and comprehensive understanding of it.

With Chilton and Aston, the left-back, he has formed a rear line of defence which gives to Crompton, the goalkeeper, unfailingly that trust which the best of goalies must have. I rate Carey and Aston as the finest pair of backs playing together regularly. And when one thinks of Arsenal's Scott and Barnes, Derby County's Howe and Mozley, and Hibernians' Govan and Shaw, that is no small claim.

Forward Becomes a Back

Young, tall and fast, Aston is one of the most promising players in football today. From an indifferent forward Busby has made him into an England back. His positioning in defence is always uncannily right. (Remember how he tamed Matthews for a whole afternoon at Wembley in 1948?) And he has perfected a beautifully judged clearance which lands regularly at the waiting feet of Delaney on the right wing.

Of course, it may happen that Manchester United will not come out at the top of the League. Matt Busby will be philosophical about that—even if a little bitter. "In football you need something more than superiority," he says. "You need the luck and the breaks."

But with or without the luck and the breaks, he has built Manchester United into a great side which people will go far to watch and cheer—as long as it continues "just to play football."

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

Of all ships to be cast ashore, it had to be the *Frolic*—with a hold full of contraband. And in Bainbridge's duckpond, at that. The showdown could not be far off

by *HOWARD CLEWES*

JUST ONE MORE shipment, Hammond promises himself, and then he will finish smuggling. It is becoming too dangerous with the three officials of the Ministry of Agriculture on the spot in Anderida Marsh.

Admittedly their job is to investigate the low yield of marsh farmers, but at least one of them, Prudhoe, suspects the large-scale smuggling in which many of the marshmen, including Colonel Gill, chairman of the Anderida Corporation, are involved.

Captain Biddle, skipper of Hammond's trawler, the *Frolic*, sets out to pick up the last cases of liquor that they intend to run, but, after doing so, samples the goods. The crew drink themselves into a stupor, and, during a freak storm, in which the sea breaks through to the long-disused harbour of Portenoy, the *Frolic* is beached.

PART IV

After the Storm

DAWN flowed across the marsh. The grey waves rolled towards the land, doffing white caps to the sea wall; the sun, pale and watery, glittered in the foam as they broke. The haze which had hung above the sea for nearly three weeks was gone and the horizon was a long, sharp line beneath the racing clouds.

Over the flat green land lay the debris of the storm. Leaves littered the glistening turf like paper on a battlefield, and broken branches, ripped from their parent trees, sprawled like the dead on the banks of the placid waterways.

The Bainbridge cottage stood in the old harbour, so it is not surprising that Polly Bainbridge should have been the first person to remark anything unusual about it that morning.

She had lain awake during the early part of the night, listening to the wail of the wind and the distant thunder of the sea against the wall.

The storm had been of uncommon intensity. She listened to Joseph's metallic snore, to the rattling of the windows, to the scutter of the rats in the roof.

Now and then she shifted the weight of her big body from the left side to the right, and back again. She fell asleep about one o'clock in the morning.

At two o'clock the harbour of Portenoy was full of water. Beneath the sea wall it was as much as ten or twelve feet deep; below the Bainbridge cottage it was probably not more than two or three; a few yards lower down, where the duckpond had been, there was a good five feet of navigable water. And in the disused harbour, for the first time in many years, there was a ship.

THE trawler *Frolic*, badly battered, rudderless, powerless, drifted with the flow of water which poured across the sandbank. She fetched up finally in the shallow reaches above the duckpond and there remained, nudging the earth with her blunt, flat bows. It was here, while more or less stationary, that Fred Starling, the mate, heaved the anchor over the side.

The water continued to flow from the harbour all that night.

At daybreak only the lower reaches, beneath the wall and about the sluicegates, still held any appreciable depths of water. The rest of the harbour, muddied and sodden, was drying in the sun and the wind.

It was then that Polly stirred. A beam of pale bright sunlight fell across the bed. She half opened her eyes and squinted at the alarm clock on the table; it was yet very early. But clearly there would be no sleep while that bar of light moved stealthily over the counterpane towards her. Still half asleep, she moved towards the window and the gaping curtain, to close it. She looked out on to the harbour, and suddenly she was wide awake.

“Joseph!” she cried.

Bainbridge snored on fitfully.

“Joseph!” She caught him by his two prominent ears and shook him awake.

“What is it?” he muttered angrily.

“A ship,” she said. “There's a ship in our duckpond. . . .”

BAINBRIDGE thrust a dishevelled head out of the bedroom window of the cottage and shouted in a voice already choked and shrill with anger:

“Get that boat off'n my land!”

On the ship nothing stirred. The ropes slapped idly at the foremast.

“Get that boat——” He stopped, cursing viciously.

Presently he reappeared in the door of the cottage with a shotgun in his hand. The prow of the trawler reared up over the garden wall; a wisp of smoke swirled about the little funnel aft; the propeller revolved slowly under the stern. The blood began to sing in his ears. He ran down the slope.

“Get this boat off'n my land!” he shouted, beside himself with rage. “D'yer hear . . . ?” He thundered on the impassive weed-covered hull with the butt of the shotgun. “Get off, get off, or I'll have the law on yer!” He shoved wildly at the immovable bulk, beat the boards with his hands, cursing hysterically. “Get off, get off . . . !” He stood back, weeping with rage. “I can see yer!” he yelled. He ran the length of the beam; here he could see the bridge above him. “Who put this boat in my medder?” he shouted.

There was no answer; the propeller turned slowly; steam trickled from the funnel. He raised the shotgun and cocked the hammers.

“If yer don't answer, I'll fire!”

There was no answer. He raised the gun and fired into the air with both barrels. The reports echoed across the roofs of the little town and set the rooks cawing furiously in chorus.

Slowly Biddle's head rose up over the rail of the bridge. Whatever his frame of mind, the face was impassive, the eyes heavy-lidded, inscrutable. And certainly he was, but for a slight huskiness of speech, sober; never more so, indeed. He rested his elbows on the rail and looked down on to the excited figure beneath the starboard beam.

“Yes,” he inquired, “what is it?”

Bainbridge stared at him, momentarily at a loss for words.

“Well?” said Biddle.

Bainbridge said, “Who are yer? What d'yer think yer doin' 'ere? Is this your boat?”

“It is.”

“Yer on my land.”

“You don't say.”

“Who said yer could anchor here?”

“It seemed a pretty spot,” said Biddle.

“It's my medder . . . get this boat off'n here.”

“We have the matter under consideration,” said Biddle gravely.

“I'll have yer up for trespass,” Bainbridge shouted, exasperated no less by his own helplessness than by Biddle's apparent composure. “I'll put the police on yer!”

Biddle looked at him thoughtfully. “We have seen your face before somewhere,” he said at last.

Bainbridge swore aloud. “All right,” he shouted. “There's going to be trouble about this. I know my rights.” He stumbled into the house to emerge a moment or two later struggling into his jacket. He shook his fist at Captain Biddle and set off to look for Constable Pettigrew.

In an hour every man, woman and child in the Liberty of Anderida Marsh knew there was a trawler in Portenoy harbour.

ON the bridge, chin in hand, sphinx-like in his tragic calm, Captain Biddle brooded over his charge.

He remained on the bridge within sight of the crowd as much because he welcomed public derision as because he would not stoop to hide from it. Though outwardly unmoved, his soul was in torment. The mockery of nations could not have caused him one-tenth the shame, the guilt, the mortification he already suffered within himself. He deserved to suffer; he intended to suffer. In suffering there was expiation. But how was he to refloat his ship?

The crowd parted to permit the dignified passage of Constable Pettigrew who, followed by the gesticulating Bainbridge, now descended the bank, crossed the stream by the stepping-stones, and approached the starboard beam.

“Is this the ship?” Pettigrew inquired.

“Of course it is,” Bainbridge barked. “How many d'yer think there are—half a dozen?”

“It might be so, Mr. Bainbridge,” said Pettigrew imperturbably. “It might well be so. Is there a ladder at hand?”

Biddle, chin in hand, watched expressionlessly as the constable boarded the ship.

“This is a very unfortunate position to find oneself in, Captain,” said Pettigrew. He licked his thumb and opened the notebook. “I'll have to take your particulars, if you please.”

Biddle looked at him absently.

“Name of ship?” Pettigrew asked.

“Trawler *Frolic*.”

“Cargo?”

“Fish.”

“Fish,” murmured the policeman; he kept his eyes on his notebook. “And now, Captain”—he raised his head—“will you oblige with a short summary of the events leading up to the trespass . . . ?”

A few minutes later those watching on the bank saw the policeman descend again from the deck. He straightened his tunic, put away the notebook and pencil, and walked gravely away.

Biddle, chin in hand, stared into space from the bridge of his ship. Bainbridge, scarlet with rage, went back into the cottage.

A little while later Polly Bainbridge, a bright bandana about her tawny hair, stepped from the door of the house with a stool in one hand and a bucket in the other. She turned towards the cowshed. The cows would have to be watered, too, she thought; there would be too much salt in the pond; she would have to fill the trough, at least until the stream should clear the pond water.

She looked at the pathetic hulk in the meadow; doubtless in the course of a day or two she would accustom herself to its presence there, as to all else. However, it was a new neighbour, and she called. She strolled down the slope towards it, her hips swinging lazily as she moved. What a sorry fool the captain must be feeling, she thought.

Then she saw Biddle. Their eyes met. The people watching on the bank above saw her stiffen suddenly. She stopped. The bucket dropped from her hand and rolled clattering down the slope.

“Cedric . . . !” she said aloud.

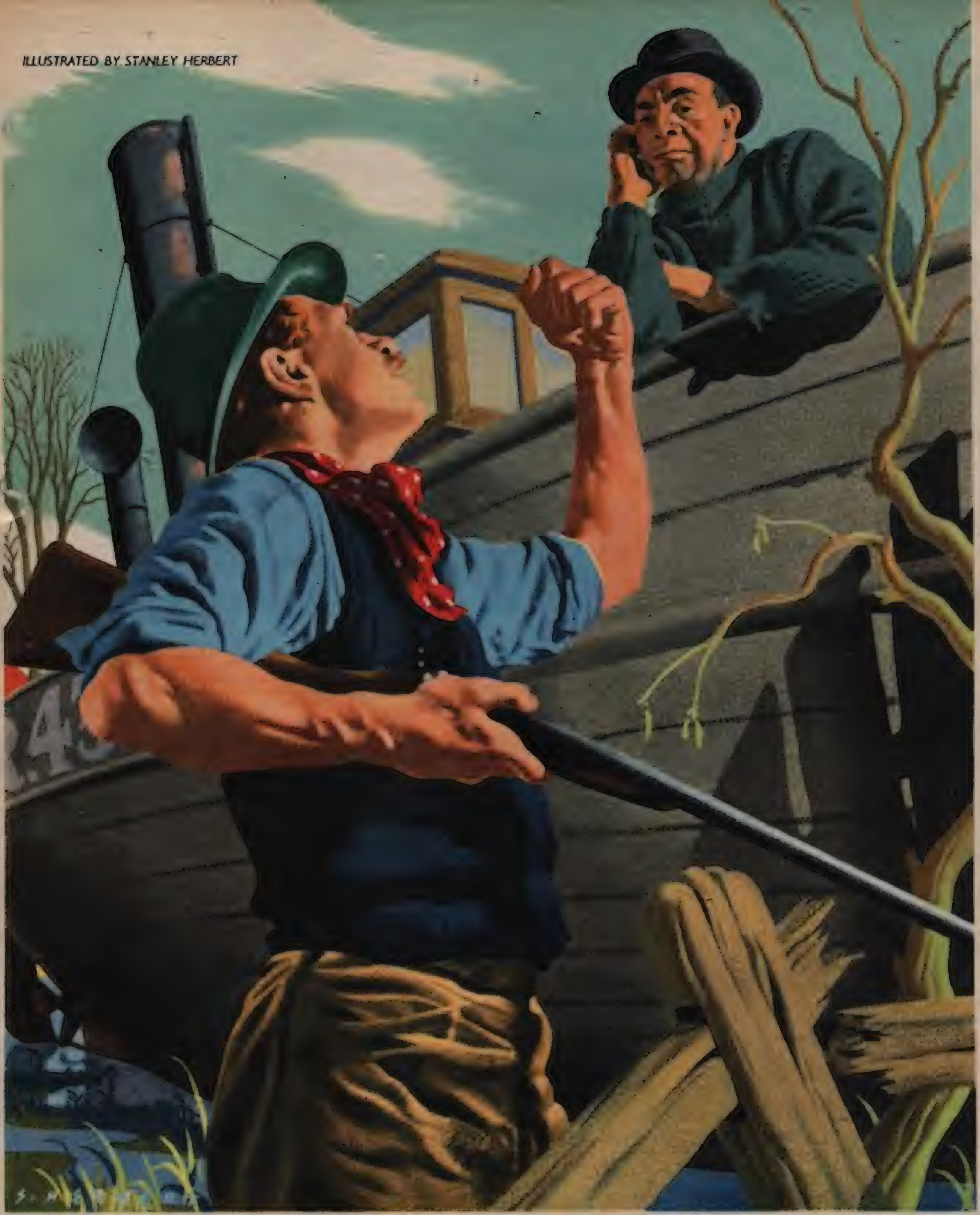
IT was rarely that Biddle showed surprise, or, indeed, emotion of any description. But now he did. His mouth fell open.

“Polly . . . !” he breathed.

For a moment neither moved a muscle. Then she began to laugh. She threw back her head, raised her hand and brought it down with a crack like a gunshot across her great thigh. She set down the stool and sat on it. The whole harbour echoed with her laughter; it hung on the air like peal after peal of bells. “Hoo, hoo, hoo; haa, haa, haa; ho, ho, ho; aie, aie, aie!” She rocked to and fro, tears running down her face.

Biddle watched her bleakly from the

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT



"Who said yer could anchor here?" cried Bainbridge. Biddle looked at him. "It seemed a pretty spot," he said

bridge. In a moment he felt Fred Starling at his elbow.

"What's the matter with 'er, d'you suppose?" the mate inquired.

"We are the object of considerable amusement," said Biddle softly.

"'Oo is it?"

"A lilywhite by the name of Polly."

"She seems to know you," said the mate.

"She should," said Biddle. "She is our wife."

An hour later Captain Biddle knocked at Bainbridge's door. It opened almost immediately. Biddle regarded the farmer gravely.

"We have come to have a little chat," he said. Bainbridge attempted to slam the door, but Biddle's boot intervened. He entered, his great bulk filling the hall.

"Get out!" Bainbridge shouted.

"Which is the parlour?" said Biddle. He opened the first door to hand, looked about him, selected the most comfortable chair and sat down, crossing his legs. The toe of his boot nodded gently. He waved Bainbridge to a chair.

"Sit down," he said.

The bloodshot blue eyes flamed. Bainbridge stood in the doorway, trembling, and groped for words.

"About the removal of our ship," Biddle began. "We would like to get it refloated without delay."

"You'd better," Bainbridge snarled.

"Sit down," Biddle said, "and let us talk it over."

The man swallowed and was silent for a moment. He closed the door, but remained on his feet, wary and watchful.

"As we see it," Biddle said, folding his hands across his belly, "it's a matter of constructing a slipway."

Bainbridge's lips formed the word. "Slipway. . . ."

"Of timber," Biddle continued. He explained the construction. "And the job should present very few difficulties to a man of action," he concluded, "such as yourself."

The insolence was of proportions too great for Bainbridge's immediate appreciation.

"Yer mean I'm expected to. . . ." For a few moments he was speechless.

"To construct the slipway," said Biddle. "Exactly."

"To shift a boat. . . ."

"We understand one another very well," said Biddle.

Shaking from head to foot, Bainbridge opened the door. "Get out," he said huskily.

Biddle compressed the tip of his nose between a spatulate thumb and forefinger. Then he picked a thread of cotton from the jersey about his middle and said, "We take it you haven't yet discussed us with the lady of the house?"

"Are yer getting out or do I take a shotgun to yer?"

Biddle contemplated his belly; but for the nodding of the toe of his boot he might have been asleep. "Once," he mused, "we knew a fellow like you. Looked like you. Talked like you. Acted pretty much the same. He was a soldier of sorts, a kind of quartermaster-sergeant. . . ."

Bainbridge stiffened suddenly.

"This quartermaster-sergeant," Biddle continued, "the one we're telling you about, took a fancy to a certain lilywhite known to us. She was married. He thought a lot of himself, did this fellow. Had a big line of talk. Finally she took him . . . left her deeply devoted husband while he was away on a salvage job down beyond Gravesend Reach. The next thing we knew was they'd come into a bit of land in the south country, though maybe that's no more than chitter-chatter. . . ."

He raised his eyes and with a faint-ironic grin, looked at Bainbridge, who had sunk on to a chair. Beneath a trembling hand his face was deathly pale.

"Now there's no reason, so far as we can see," Biddle went on, "why such things should become known to the neighbours and other interested parties. In fact, we can understand that you'd prefer if nothing was said at all. Well and good. Let the matter be forgotten. When you are ready to discuss the construction of the slipway. . . ."

Presently he rose and left the room.

But in the hall he paused. From the other door came the sound of running water and the brisk clatter of dishes; there was also a faint smell of cooking. Biddle opened the door slowly. Polly swung about, defensively, her lips parted.

They gazed at one another for fully half a minute. Then she began to laugh, softly, her head thrown back, the laughter rippling down her throat.

He remained to lunch.

RUPERT HAMMOND hurried down to the trawler. Biddle, he told himself, would be suffering untold mortification. Prepared to extend sympathy, he found instead a calmly jubilant Biddle.

"Yes, the fault belongs entirely to ourself," Biddle admitted. "Entirely to ourself. And we accept the responsibility for setting the matter right."

"How?"

"We have been thinking. It's a question of building a slipway. . . ."

Hammond stared. "A what?"

"A slipway," said Biddle. "A slipway from here to the sea wall, over the sandbank and down the beach to the sea. By means of a system of pulleys, two or three tractors or a number of horses. . . ."

Hammond laughed. "Who d'you imagine is going to do that for us?"

Biddle swept a crumb from the cabin table. "Mr. Bainbridge," he said.

"Who's Bainbridge?"

"The owner of the meadow in which we are at present anchored. He's very upset about it, very upset indeed. He will be prepared to go to considerable lengths to remove us."

Rupert Hammond looked into the sardonic red-rimmed eyes. "Cedric," he said at last, "what have you got on Bainbridge?"

"Once," said Biddle, drawing breath, "once we were married to a lilywhite by the name of Polly. . . ."

"You told me. What's that got to do with it?"

"She left us for a quartermaster-sergeant of the Buffs. But she is still our wife." He raised his eyes. "She goes by the name of Mrs. Bainbridge."

Hammond sank on to the bunk. "D'you mean to say that Bainbridge's wife is your Polly?"

"Just so."

"But how do you know?"

"We have seen the woman."

Hammond said, "Good heavens. . . ."

Biddle moved his shoulders. "These

things are in the stars," he said simply. "Of course, it will require money to move us. We shall have to raise a mortgage."

Hammond laughed. "And who do you imagine is going to finance a mortgage on a wreck?"

"In this particular case," Biddle murmured, "we were thinking of Colonel Gill."

"Colonel Gill?" Hammond whispered. "Oh, come, he's a very good friend, he's even our partner, but you really can't expect him to put down heaven knows how many thousands of pounds to finance an idea that isn't practicable anyway. . . ."

"We believe it to be practicable, Rupert. A ditch, a few feet deep, reinforced with timber, well greased. Ropes and tackle. Tractors. Horses. To mount the sandbank, a system of pulleys. . . ."

"But where's the security?"

"In the hold," said Biddle gently.

It is curious indeed that it had never occurred to Rupert Hammond to inquire after the shipment of liquor, even for confirmation that it had been dropped over the side during the storm. He had told Colonel Gill that such would be Biddle's action, and had assumed himself that it would be so. He looked at Biddle with growing dismay.

"What?" he whispered.

"In the hold," Biddle repeated.

"You didn't dump it?"

"Certainly not."

"You mean it's in the ship now?"

"We do."

Hammond felt the blood ebbing from his face as the full horror of the situation dawned on him. "My God. . . ."

"Now, as we see it," Biddle continued smoothly, "there is our strength. . . ."

But Rupert Hammond had heard enough.

"Strength!" he exploded. "How can you sit there and talk of strength when there's enough of that stuff in the ship to send us all to jail for ten years—and half of Portenoy?" He jumped to his feet. "Great God alive, now what do we do?"

"We build a slipway," said Biddle, unmoved. "It's quite simple. Interested parties provide the capital; Bainbridge will do the work."

Colonel Gill paled visibly and put out a hand to the chair at his side. "Full of liquor?" he breathed.

Rupert Hammond nodded. . . . He was not dissatisfied with the effect of the information, for, though Colonel Gill had already been informed of the extraordinary circumstance of the arrival of the *Frolic* in Portenoy harbour, and indeed had been about to set out for the town to see it for himself when Rupert arrived, his concern, then, had been, it seemed to the younger man, somewhat lighthearted.

It was a trifle too objective. It was clear that he assumed, as Rupert Hammond, that Biddle had jettisoned the cargo in the storm; he could afford to be sympathetic.

Colonel Gill breathed hard through his nose. "Rupert," he said, "we're for the high jump. All of us. You know what this means, don't you?"

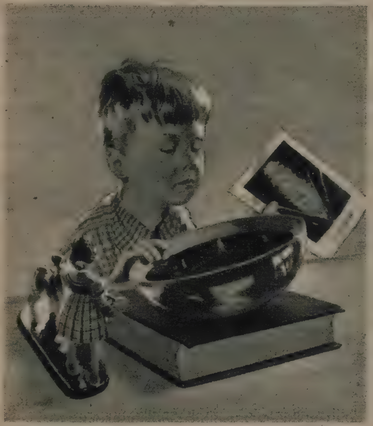
"I have an idea," said Hammond drily.

"Chokey. Every manjack . . . half the fellows in the Liberty. And that's the least of it. If Finch and his crew get a whisper of it, it'll start something we shall never see the end of. You know he's after the land?"

"So I gather."

"This is just what he's looking for—something of this kind." He stumped to the window. "The one chance in a million," he exclaimed, "and it has to happen to us. Of all the ships in Christendom it has to be the *Frolic*!" He turned about. "Why didn't Biddle dump it overboard?"

THIS WEEK'S COVER



WILLIAM SHOWELL, who was born in Gibralter, has two vivid memories of childhood. One is of attempting to grow bulbs according to catalogue formula—hence his cover painting—and the other of painting black beetles on the white walls of his home. The persistent refusal of his bulbs to sprout damped his hopes of becoming a horticulturist, but his black beetles were so horribly authentic that they inspired him to become a professional artist.

"Sailors like to deliver their cargoes, you know."

"Well, it's delivered—right into our laps."

He returned to his chair. "Nemesis, Rupert," he said, "that's what this is. Netted. In the bag. And, by heaven, it serves us right." He dropped into his seat. "Five years apiece we shall get for this—ten, ten. . . ." He passed a hand over his eyes. "We've got to beat them to it, Rupert, that's all. We've got to shift that liquor."

Hammond nodded. "That's what I came to talk to you about," he said. "How? Officials are buzzing round the ship like flies on a honey pot. Supposing somebody turns up to inspect the ship . . . I'm thinking of Hewitt, the Customs man. . . ."

Colonel Gill interrupted him. "Don't they have to have a search warrant from a J.P.?"

"Hewitt doesn't. Why?"

"I was thinking . . . he wouldn't get one. We elect our own justices. . . ." He sat up suddenly. "The bailiff's sergeant!" he said.

"Who's he?"

"He's the corporation seizing officer. Wrecks belong by charter to the Corporation of the Liberty. . . ." He stamped his wooden leg, grinning like a boy. "The bailiff's sergeant. That's the ticket, Rupert."

Mr. Rigby, the bailiff's sergeant, was a small, timid man with hopeful brown eyes and dusty grey hair fast ebbing from an uneventful brow. He took his appointment very seriously. It involved no duties, but, unlike the great majority of the corporation's appointments, there was always the possibility that it might; it was, so to say, live; and Rigby was very appreciative of this fact; if and when there would be duties to perform, he would be ready.

He was working when the note arrived. He was by way of being an accountant; he kept the books of a number of local tradesmen and farmers. He placed the pen behind his ear and opened the letter. It read:

> *Proceed at once to Portenoy harbour and seize and hold wreck in name of Corporation of Liberty of Anderida.*
> (*sgd.*) *J. Wickes,*
> *Bailiff.*

As he read the note again, folded it and put it in his waistcoat pocket, he was conscious that he was about to make history.

He walked briskly towards the harbour, his heart pounding against his ribs. How did one seize a wreck? He did not precisely know.

One went aboard, he supposed, and remained there until instructions arrived from higher authority. He might attach a notice to the hull; the wreck would thus become unassailably the property of the corporation.

It occurred to him suddenly that somebody else might already have sneaked aboard, or that the wreck might by some means have made good its withdrawal. He quickened his pace and arrived on the bank above the harbour at a discreet canter.

"'Scuse me," he murmured, pushing his way politely through the crowd. "'Scuse me, 'scuse me. . . ."

Drawing the instructions from his pocket, he descended the slope, crossed the stream, ducked beneath the cable and warily skirted the beam. On the starboard side above the stern he could see the bridge and, projecting over the rail, the lower rungs of what appeared to be a ladder; it had been drawn up to the deck.

A crowd of curious sightseers watched him with interest.

"Halloo," he called, very civilly.

There was no answer.

He cleared his throat and called again: "Ahoy there!"

Nothing moved. Catcalls came from the crowd.

Rigby's face turned a deep shade of scarlet. He compressed his lips, took his umbrella in his hands and approached the hull. He rapped smartly on the boards.

"Halloo!"

Then Fred Starling's red hair appeared over the rail; it stood up stiffly from the crown, lending the face beneath an aspect of great ferocity. He looked down at Rigby, leaning his elbows on the rail.

"Want something?" he inquired tersely.

Rigby recoiled a pace or two, looking up. "Good morning," he said. "I'm the bailiff's sergeant. I receive wrecks on behalf of the corporation." He smiled winningly.

"'Ow d'you mean?" said Fred Starling. He rubbed his elbows reflectively.

"Seize them . . . take charge of them."

"Oh." The mate raised his eyebrows, nodding. "You do, do you?"

"Then we put them up for auction."

"Gerraway."

"Oh, yes. May I—er—come aboard?"

"What for?"

"To seize the wreck," said Rigby. "It's part of my duties."

"Listen, Titch," Fred Starling said kindly, "in the first place, this ain't no perishing wreck, see? This ship'll be out of 'ere before you can say knife, see?"

Rigby started. "Oh, no," he said at once. "I'm afraid you can't do that, not once it has been seized. It becomes the property of the corporation." He became aware of the mate's reflective regard and smiled disarmingly. "So I'd be very glad if you'd kindly lower the ladder so that I can come aboard and take possession. I'm sure it can be arranged for you to stay on board," he said, "at least until you've made other arrangements."

The mate put his chin in his hand and considered the diminutive figure beneath the beam. Alfred Gosling, the deck hand, joined him at the rail, his bald head glistening in the pale, bright sunlight.

"'Allo," he said, "'oo's this joker?"

"This is the bailiff's sergeant," the mate told him. "'E's come to seize us on behalf of the corporation."

"Go on."

"'E says it's all right for us to stay aboard, though, till we've made other arrangements."

Alfred nodded. "'E 'as a nice, kind face," he said.

"It's just that 'e 'as to come aboard, d'you see, to take possession, like."

Alfred drew a deep breath. "People ought to be ashamed," he said at last. "Pore little fellow."

"D'you think we ought to tell 'im?" Fred Starling said.

"Somebody ought," said Alfred. "But personally I 'aven't the 'eart, and that's a fact."

They moved away from the rail, discussing the matter thoughtfully between themselves, and presently disappeared down the companion-way. Rigby waited. He did not know quite what to do.

The spectators were not slow to advise. He ignored the ribald commentary, however, and disposed himself to wait. The derision of the populace served only to steel his determination.

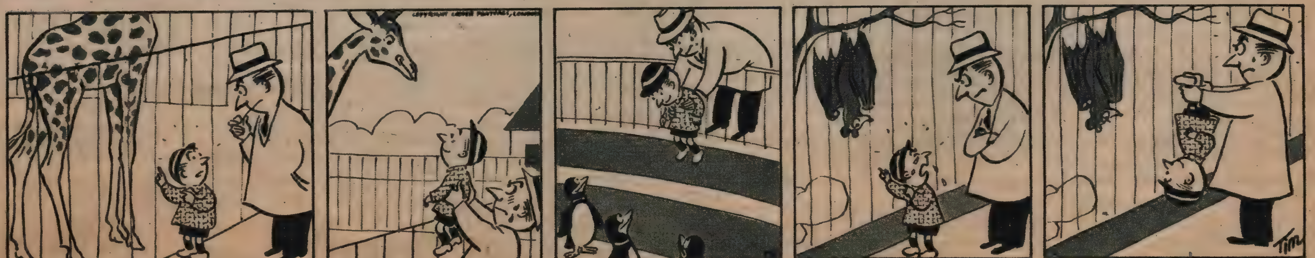
But it was not long before he grew tired of standing; he saw no good reason, in fact, why he should not sit. He climbed the bank and made his way through the crowd.

When he returned he was carrying a small, old stool, a rug and a vacuum flask. He placed the stool beneath the bows of the *Frolic*, wrapped the rug about his knees and sat down. His brown eyes were bright with embarrassment, but the small, firm jaw was tightly set.

It remained tightly set, while first Urquhart, the coastguard, and later Hewitt, the Customs officer, tried to

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



claim the wreck. Neither would give way to the other, and finally all settled down to wait, wary and vigilant.

At the "Antelope," Prudhoe said: "Extraordinary thing, the way that ship was whipped over the sea wall last night and deposited in the harbour. . . ."

Neither Finch nor Fisherwick showed great interest.

Fisherwick stirred his tea; Finch frowned over his notes. They sat by the fire in the lounge.

The sub-commission's investigation of the Liberty of Anderida was drawing to a close. It had not been the success Finch had hoped for. The farmers' reasons for poverty of output had been specious, many of them, but he was compelled to admit that in a court of law, for example, they would be accepted: lack of machinery, paucity of skilled labour, inclemency of climate and so forth.

But there was another reason—of that he was morally certain. He had a feeling, and had had it since the moment of his arrival in the marsh, of having been eluded; by what or by whom he did not know.

"It has some very interesting aspects," said Prudhoe. "Very. . . ." He sipped his tea.

"What has?" said Finch, who had forgotten the subject of conversation.

"The ship down in the harbour."

He waited to be drawn, but neither of his colleagues took the bait. "Haven't you ever felt," he said presently, "since we arrived in the marsh, some sort of communal secret from which we are excluded?"

Finch compressed his lips. "We've all felt it," he said impatiently. "What has it to do with a shipwreck?"

"Nothing to speak of." Prudhoe sipped his tea. "It just struck me this afternoon, though. . . . I wonder why Bainbridge isn't kicking up more of a fuss than he is."

Finch said wearily: "I don't know what you're driving at, Prudhoe . . . always plotting and scheming about one thing or another. What were you on the phone for all afternoon?"

"Just checking up one or two things."

Prudhoe set down his cup and saucer. "If you feel inclined to have a look at Bainbridge's holding tomorrow," he said, "it occurred to me that we might at the same time board the ship."

"With what object?"

"Oh, to have a look at the fish."

Finch waved the suggestion aside. "We have quite enough on our hands," he said. "What d'you want to look at the fish in that ship for?"

"Because," said Prudhoe softly, "I don't think there are any."

"My dear Prudhoe. . . ." Finch was quite exasperated. "Do stop talking in riddles, it's very childish and annoying. What on earth does it matter whether the ship is full of fish or not? They'll have put their catch ashore long ago."

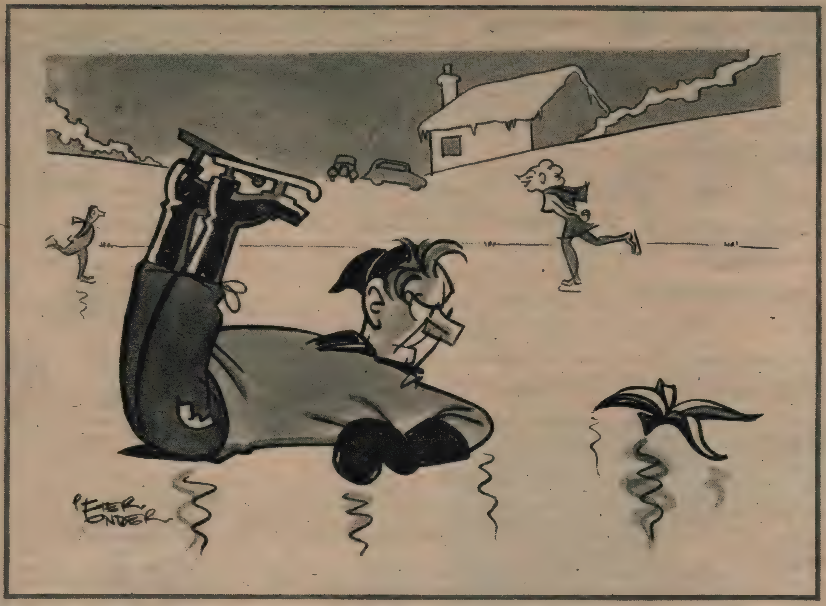
"No fish have been landed from the ship," Prudhoe said. "I made a few inquiries."

FINCH spoke firmly now. "Prudhoe," he said, "I shall not again expose the dignity of the Crown to assault by Bainbridge or any like him. I shall not approach that farm without police protection."

"Well, I think that can be arranged," said Prudhoe. "In fact I think it would be a very good idea to have the police present. I'll mention it to Pettigrew."

A few minutes later, accompanied by Fisherwick, who liked a stroll in the evening, Prudhoe set out to look for Pettigrew. It was nearly dark; the stars already glittered brightly in the clear sky.

They walked down the lane to the embankment.



Fisherwick, puzzled, surveyed the scene. "What are those fellows doing?" he said.

"They seem to be settling down very well, don't they?" Prudhoe murmured.

They watched the preparation of the three officials for the coming night. In the curious brotherhood of antagonists confronted by a common discomfort, Rigby, Urquhart and Hewitt had already offered to one another, with the surly brevity which springs from embarrassment rather than from hostility, such amenities as each had been able to gather together for the improvement of his lot.

They had slung a large tarpaulin, borrowed from Captain Biddle, across the anchor cable and, pegging the four corners to the ground, had thus improvised a kind of shelter. At its entrance a small vapour stove burned brightly in the twilight, and a kettle simmered on the tripod.

Prudhoe counted them to himself. "One . . . two . . . three. . . ."

There was a satisfied smile on his face.

NEXT morning, Finch, Fisherwick and Prudhoe walked down to the harbour. Pettigrew had gone down before them. They heard the shouting several minutes before they reached the embankment above the trawler.

It was Bainbridge, the farmer. It seemed that he took exception to the presence of Rigby, Urquhart and Hewitt on his land.

He had whipped up the pegs which held the tarpaulin to the earth and, faced by the three angry officials, was venting his rage; his voice had soared to a strangled bellow. Pacification having failed, the officials now raised their voices, each above his neighbour's, till the clamour was continuous, hideous and entirely without meaning.

Leaning over the rail of the ship listening, Rupert Hammond, Biddle, Fred Starling and the deck hand played no part other than that of audience—a gallery to which, for want of a better audience, the litigants were addressing many of their remarks.

On the bank the number of spectators grew steadily, for the pandemonium, disturbing the rooks in the trees, now drew the idlers to the scene like passers-by to a street accident.

Pettigrew descended the slope and approached the centre of the storm.

"Now then, now then," he began.

As one man they turned on him. He listened patiently for a moment, and then stilled the hubbub with a raised hand.

"I'll have to take the particulars," he said. He opened the notebook, coughed, and shot his cuffs. "One at a time. . . ." Rigby, Urquhart, Hewitt and Bainbridge all spoke at once.

"Silence!" said Pettigrew at the top of his voice.

Silence fell.

It was then that the duck, emerging suddenly from beneath the keel of the trawler, waddled blindly into the forest of legs on the turf. It struck Pettigrew's foot, staggered, ran two or three feet and fell. It rolled on to its back and uttered a liquid croak. Then it lay still. The five men looked at it, momentarily distracted.

"Very curious," said the policeman, frowning. He nudged the creature with the toe of his boot. "The bird must be sick." The bright webbed feet stroked the air feebly.

Bainbridge stared at it. "Poisoned," he whispered. His voice rose to a shout. "Poisoned!"

"Now then, Mr. Bainbridge," said Pettigrew, "who'd be wanting to poison your ducks?"

"Everybody!" Bainbridge answered. He fought for breath. "Everybody in the place! They all hate me. I know, I know! It's been done deliberate!"

"These are very grave accusations, Mr. Bainbridge."

"Look at that duck. . . . !"

The arrival of Finch, Fisherwick and Prudhoe, though not in itself sensational, served at least to deflect the attention of the belligerents from the prostrate bird and from one another. But only Bainbridge moved. Bristling visibly, he advanced towards the sub-commission.

"Now, Mr. Bainbridge!" the policeman called after him warningly.

BAINBRIDGE halted. He faced Finch, arms akimbo, legs braced, head downthrust between his shoulders.

"What d'yer want?" he grated. "I thought I told yer to get off'n my land and stay off."

"Constable!" called Prudhoe.

"Didn't I tell yer to get out and stay out?" said Bainbridge. "Didn't I?"

Pettigrew moved forward. "Mr. Bainbridge," he said sharply, "these gentlemen have placed themselves under the protection of the law. Don't attempt nothing grievous bodily."

A second duck suddenly issued from the bed of the stream beneath the keel of the trawler, spread its wings in an abortive attempt to fly, failed grotesquely, ran round in a circle, wobbled, lost its balance and fell. It rolled over on to its back.

"Another!" said Bainbridge.

"What's the matter with it?" said Finch, puzzled. He prodded it with the ferrule of his umbrella. The duck wriggled and waved its yellow feet convulsively.

"Poisoned!" Bainbridge shouted. "They've been poisoned!" A volley of obscenities burst from his lips. "It's me they're after . . . me! I know," he yelled, "I know. I'm not a fool. They've been after me for years!"

"Don't talk such nonsense, man," Finch told him irritably.

"They never leave me alone!"

The wrangle continued without abatement, and certainly without progressing. Polly, Bainbridge's wife, herded the cows from the shed on the bank above the cottage to water them at the duck pond. She judged that the flow of fresh water from the little stream would have cleansed the pond sufficiently to allow of watering the cattle there. She walked behind the five cows and tapped their bony rumps with a stick.

The cows paused to gaze at the gathering. She drove them on to the stream beneath the stern of the ship. Then she came towards the circle, hands on hips, curiosity written frankly on her broad face.

"Hallo," she said in her rich contralto, looking at the ducks, "What's wrong with them . . . fox been at 'em?"

"They've been poisoned," said Bainbridge. But her presence at his elbow damped some of the fire in his voice; it assumed a certain sulkiness.

"Rubbish," she said. She touched the nearest of the two birds with the toe of the rubber boots she was wearing. "They're sick," she said. "Been eating something."

"I say they're poisoned!" he said shrilly.

SHE looked at him, a faint smile on her full red lips. "Very well, Joseph," she said. She looked at Finch. "Was there something you wanted?"

Finch started. "Yes," he said. "Are you Mrs. Bainbridge?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'm from the Ministry of Agriculture. It's my duty to ask your husband a few questions about his farm, Mrs. Bainbridge."

"Ask me," she said.

Bainbridge looked at her malevolently. Then he turned and walked away.

Pettigrew eased the strap of his helmet from his chin. He nodded comfortably. "Now you're all right, sir," he said to Finch. "I'll leave you to have a chat with Mrs. Bainbridge."

Prudhoe stopped him. "No, don't go, constable. I think this would be a good opportunity to go aboard the wreck, don't you? . . . while Mr. Finch is having a look round the farm."

A stillness fell over the little knot of officials.

Pettigrew hesitated, plainly embarrassed. He looked up at the row of faces above the trawler's rail. "There's a gentleman here," he called, "who's asking to come aboard."

Hammond shook his head. "Sorry," he said.

Prudhoe turned to the policeman.

"I represent His Majesty's Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries," he said. "I must ask you, for reasons which will become clear, to accompany me on board this ship, Constable, for purposes of searching."

Pettigrew floundered pitiably.

"Searching?" He threw a despairing look at Rupert Hammond. "Searching, sir?"

"Mr. Prudhoe," said Hammond from the rail, "have you the necessary search warrant?"

"What do you want to search it for?" Pettigrew asked.

And Prudhoe answered: "Because I have good reason to believe the ship to be carrying contraband."

To be concluded next week

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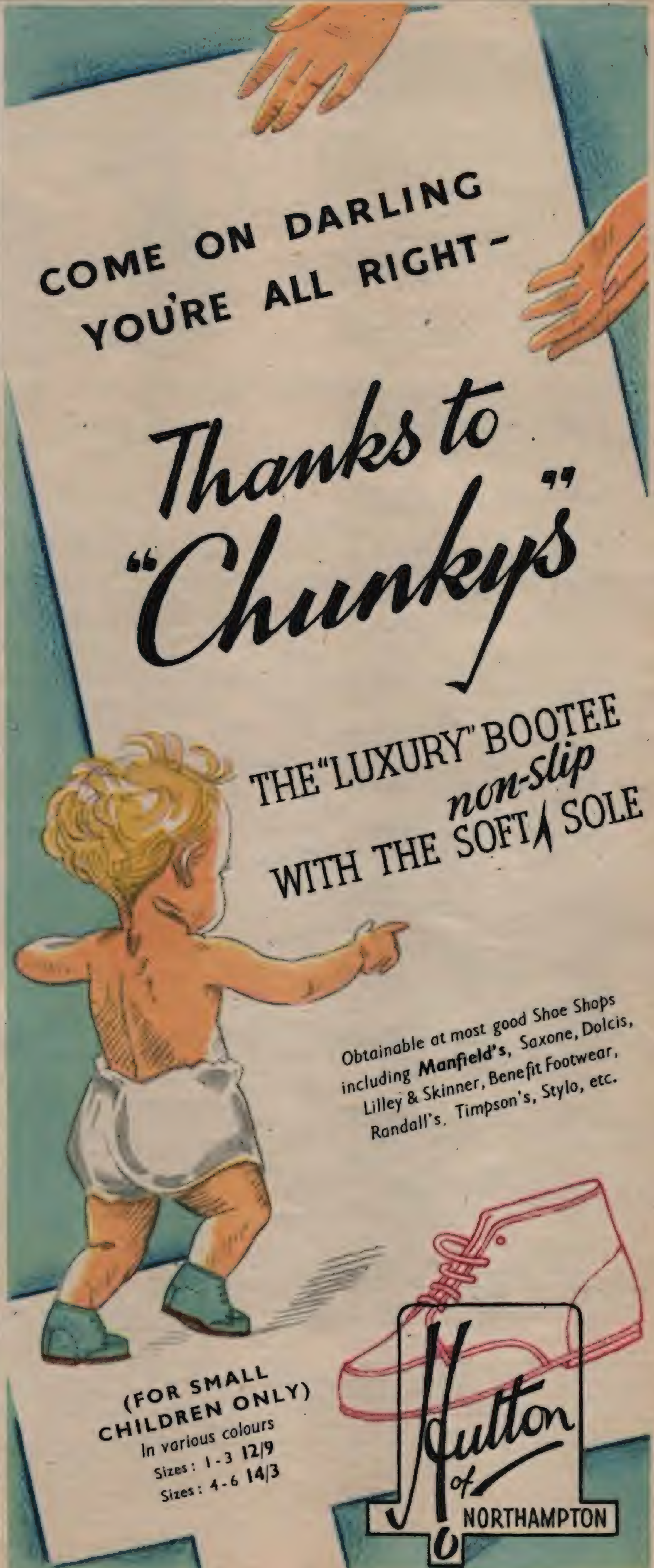

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Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

THE SKIPPER'S MATE

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY S. K. BOLDERO

The first mate was quite able to weather life's stormy seas on his own—until he was shipwrecked with "that woman"

WHEN JOCK ANDERSON stuck his nose out of his cabin in the late afternoon, he knew the *Griselda* was in for a beating. The weather had worsened rapidly. The wind had increased to gale force, and a driving, rain-filled murk had caused the light to fail early.

The *Griselda* was an elderly cargo-ship which, besides carrying a formidable burden of ore, had the additional worry of four passengers.

Jock, the *Griselda's* first mate, had the middle watch. When he went up to the bridge a minute or two before midnight, he found the Old Man there with Roberts, the second mate. That was a fair indication of what they might expect. The Old Man was as fond of his bunk as anyone.

As Jock came up, the Old Man said:

"We're in for a big basinful of dirtiness, Mister. Give me a shout in a couple of hours, or before if necessary."

With that he went down and Roberts followed him. Jock was left alone. He was happy enough. The weather didn't bother him. In fact, he welcomed it. It meant that he wasn't going to see Miss Spillman for some time to come.

MISS SPILLMAN was one of the passengers. To Jock and the ship's officers, she was "that woman." She belonged to a fast-disappearing species — the nomadic English gentlewoman.

It is the characteristic of such ladies to pop up in the most unexpected places, and Miss Margaret Spillman was no exception. She had popped up in Antofagasta one afternoon.

The *Griselda* was lying alongside the wharf there at the time, loading copper ore, and the first person Miss Spillman set eyes upon as she popped across the gangway was Jock Anderson, who was just then trying to persuade some listless local labour to get the boards back on number two hold.

Jock was wearing filthy, baggy seated dungarees. His bristling red hair was thick with dirt. At the moment Miss Spillman came aboard, he was saying, "Chop-Chop, ye yellerbellied baskets, or I'll be warming yer sterns for ye!"

But the mere mundane import of the words was quite lost upon Miss Spillman, who in that moment of time had fallen suddenly and inextricably in love with him. And from the very day she embarked in the *Griselda*, she pursued Jock so persistently that he soon learned to flee from her in terror.

Not that Margaret Spillman was unattractive. She had pretty fair hair, and clear, very pale blue eyes. She was, perhaps, in her early thirties.

But Jock had no use for women, or thought he hadn't, anyway. At forty-five he thought of himself as the most inveterate of bachelors. He was now doing his last trip as mate. Back in Liverpool he would take over a command of his own. Any ship he got would be all the wife and children he needed.

Up on the bridge Jock paced about and whistled cheerfully. He could afford to do so. Beneath him, in one of the *Griselda's* so-called "state rooms," Miss Spillman lay prostrate with seasickness.

Jock was not a callous man. But for the past ten days Miss Spillman had caused him such an agony of embarrassment that he would have welcomed his deliverance at any cost, even to her.

A couple of hours later found him whistling no longer. The weather had worked up in a way utterly outside his experience. The *Griselda* was driving straight into wind and sea, but the man at the wheel was having a desperate struggle to keep her from falling off. Far from sea-kindly at the best of times, the old tub now seemed a dead and sullen weight in the water. And whenever she yawed to port, the wind and sea pushed her over, so that in spite of the tremendous weight in her guts she heeled like a sailing-vessel being close-hauled.

Jock was more than glad to see the Old Man when he came up again.

Time passed very slowly, and things got steadily worse. When Parsons came up for the morning watch, Jock handed over to him formally, but didn't leave the bridge. The Old Man didn't leave either.

Just before dawn the wind smote again, with even greater ferocity. The *Griselda* fell off very badly again. The Old Man yelled at the wheel. As he did so, a huge sea surged up beneath the vessel, lifting her high in a boiling smother. The sea passed on under her, and she lurched back into the trough. The next sea—surely the mother of them all!—caught her and hurled her before it broadside on. She went over on to her port side until it seemed she would never stop. Then, very slowly, she began to come back. But almost at once there came from deep within her a great, rumbling, slithering roar.

"By God! the ore's shifting!" the Old Man shouted.

Nightmare moments followed. As the roaring ceased, the *Griselda* trembled and tried valiantly to get up. She managed to struggle a little way back, but the next sea hurled her over again. She went over almost on to her beam-ends.

As she went, something like a sob burst from the Old Man, and then he bellowed:

"Get everybody topside! Get 'em to the boats!"

The *Griselda's* streaming decks were like a vast steep roof. In the cold half-light, men scrambled desperately across them, shouting and cursing.

Jock's own charge was the port lifeboat. Her crew went savagely to work to get her into the water. Jock set to grimly with the others, but then he suddenly stopped dead, spat out an oath, and began to claw his way across the crazily listing deck.

He was gone a couple of minutes. Then he stumbled back with Miss Spillman, barely conscious, in his arms.

SOMEHOW they got away. When the boat smashed down she took in a lot of water, but she wasn't swamped. And her engine started first touch.

They stood off, intending to stand by. But the wind backed suddenly, so that they no longer lay under the *Griselda's* lee. As the blast, barbed with countless icy spears, drove down upon them, Jock brought the lifeboat up to meet it. She took it bravely bows on, but slowly she drifted stern first before it.

No one in her ever saw the *Griselda* again.

The day wore on, and it seemed as though it would go on blowing to all eternity. Then, towards sunset, it at last began to show some signs of abating. As the wind dropped the tumultuous seas towered higher and the little boat alternately leaped skywards and dropped sickeningly back into the depths.

In all his seafaring, Jock had never known any motion like it. After a time he was astonished to realize that he was in a fair way to being seasick. At the same time his spirits rose. Their plight was still desperate, but at least there were now faint grounds for hope.

But even as that hope was born within him, the boat's engine went dead. Quickly she lost her grip in the water. Her bows swung off. Jock flung his weight savagely on the tiller. Once she got broadside on it would be all up.

And precisely at that moment a trembling but imperious voice called from somewhere near his knees:

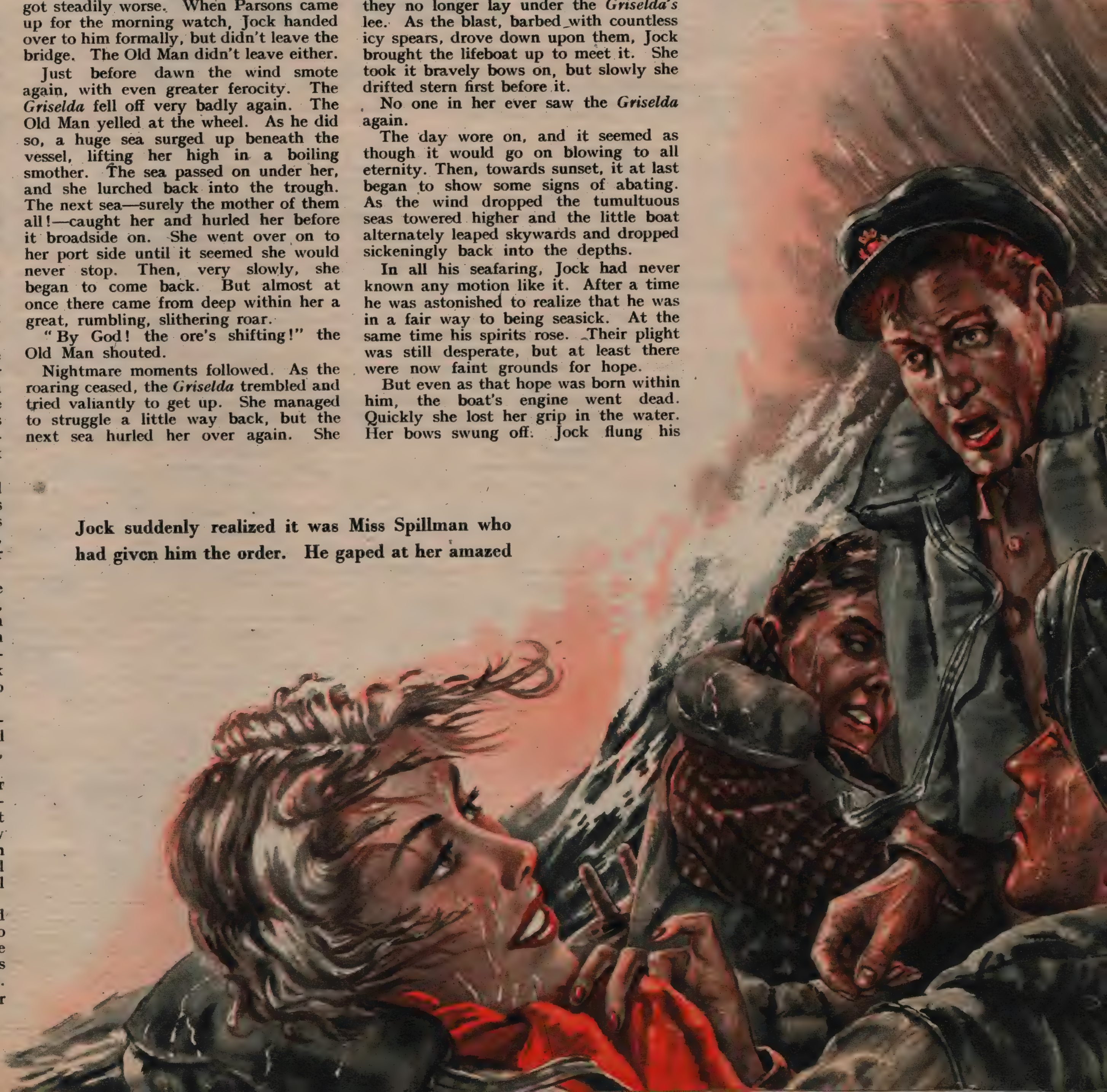
"For heaven's sake get something out over the bows!"

To do Jock justice, he was on the point of doing just that. He stumbled forwards, and dragged from the bow-locker the first thing he laid his hands on. By good fortune it was a bucket.

Like lightning Jock bent on the boat's painter, and hurled the bucket over the bows. As it filled, the painter whipped taut. The boat's swing checked. Her stern swung round till she was bows-on again. For the moment they were safe.

Jock turned and stumbled back aft. It wasn't until he'd got back to the sternsheets that he realized it was Miss Spillman who had called out. He found her sitting up on the stern bench, looking astonishingly perky. Jock gaped at her in dumb amazement.

"I don't know what's been going on," Miss Spillman shouted as he dropped



Jock suddenly realized it was Miss Spillman who had given him the order. He gaped at her amazed

down beside her, "but it seems to me that ought to have been done long ago."

Jock suddenly shook his head, not in disagreement, but as though someone had just hit him hard between the eyes. And then came the final humiliation, for as they crouched to meet the wind, Jock all at once turned away and was sick.

A savage squall raced down upon them, but the boat rode well to her improvised sea-anchor. Miss Spillman yelled in Jock's ear:

"Well—we can have a comfortable night, anyway! And it ought to be a lot better in the morning."

If that was Miss Spillman's idea of a comfortable night, it wasn't Jock's. Everyone was drenched to the skin, and the cold was excruciating.

Miss Spillman moved closer to Jock. He took her quite naturally in his arms, and they huddled down together. . . .

When, half-frozen, the boat's occupants stirred to greet the dawn, it was obvious that for the time being at any rate they were out of danger. For the first time they thought of food and drink. The boat was provisioned with iron rations, water and rum. They took a little of each and felt better. And then the sun came out to cheer them.

Miss Spillman knocked back her rum with as much appreciation as anyone, and then, turning to Jock, said briskly:

"I think we might get a bit of sail on her straight away, don't you?"

Jock nodded. He seemed to have lost all power of speech.

Quickly they stepped the mast, hoisted the lugsail and hauled in the bucket. Only a light breeze was blowing now. The lifeboat began to move ahead through the water.

Miss Spillman, however, wasn't satisfied. After a few minutes she said:

"I can't stand sailing with a slack luff. Will someone please get the sail up properly?"

One of the seamen did, in a somewhat awestruck fashion.

"That's much better," Miss Spillman said. Then, turning to Jock, she asked with childlike eagerness:

"Do you mind if I take the tiller?"

Bemusedly Jock yielded it to her.

"About nor'-nor'-east, don't you think?" Miss Spillman went on happily as she settled herself down to steer. "That'll give us a good slant of wind, and it ought to bring up to shipping."

THEY sailed nor'-nor'-east, not in grim desperation, but confidently, almost light-heartedly, so hypnotic an effect did little Miss Spillman have on them. She was so much at ease, so expert, and so obviously enjoying herself, that she left no room for doubt or fear.

Jock and she took turns at the tiller, and it must be admitted that his touch was not so skilful as hers. And all the time she chattered as happily as if she were on a trip round the lighthouse.

At one point Jock broke his silence. "But I thought you said you were a bad sailor?"

Miss Spillman laughed.

"Oh—only on big ships! I don't mind little boats like this—they're short and sharp about it. It's that long, slow heave that gets me."

A little later, Cookie, a great reader of sea-stories, ventured:

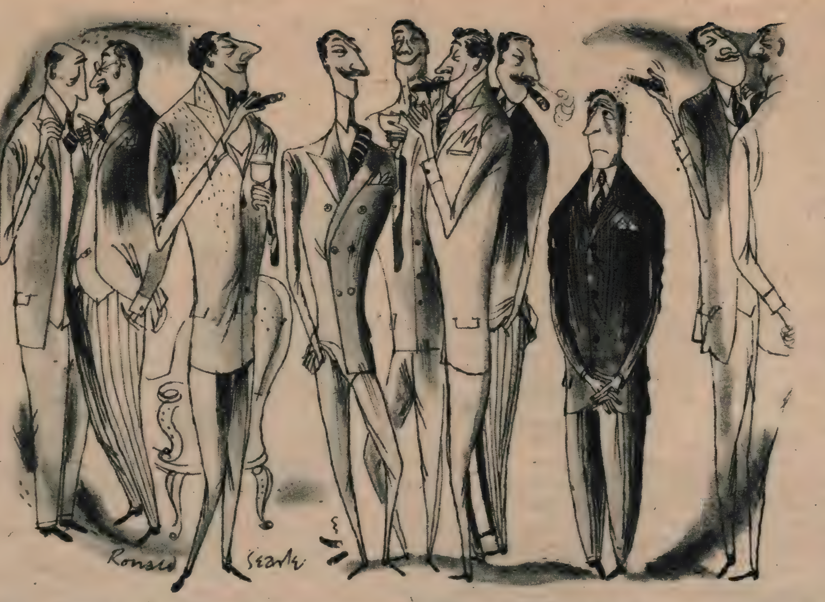
"There was a chap named Spillman who wrote about sailing round the world in a dinghy. Would that be anything to do with you, Ma'am?"

"Oh—that!" said Miss Spillman. "Well, it wasn't a chap. It was me. I did it a long time ago, though, when I was quite a girl. Took three years. Great fun. Came this way, too."

She glanced brightly around her, as though recognizing a wave here and there.

They sailed on. Jock sat in profound

Continued on page 26


Ronald Searle

He's afraid to be friendly—they may find out he went to the wrong school

Beyond the Pale

by HERBERT HODGE

IT'S AMUSING TO SEE how fashions change, even in our feelings of pride and shame. The very thing we felt ashamed of yesterday we may feel proud of today, and *vice versa*.

For instance, the distinguished man of yesterday was usually proud of being born of aristocratic parents and of having gone to an expensive public school. But the distinguished man of today is more likely to boast of having been born of poor parents and of having been educated only at an elementary school.

At least, that's how it often seems on the surface. But I'm wondering if many people really feel like that about it underneath.

Do the old elementary school pupils who have risen in the world feel glad they left school so early in life, or do they secretly feel handicapped in their relations with people who have had a longer and more expensive schooling?

Speaking, myself, as a man who left school at fifteen and got the rest of his book-learning mainly from public libraries, I've found the chief drawback to "getting on" in the world has not been lack of education, but the fact that, being mainly self-educated, I've never had the right to put letters after my name. Without these magic marks, it's very difficult to get into the important jobs—no matter how capable you may be on the practical side.

A man I've sympathized with ever since I read about him was one who found himself in court some time ago, charged with misleading his customers. He'd been hawking spectacles, I think, from door to door, and in order to impress the housewives with his knowledge he'd had cards printed with learned-looking letters after his name.

The judge, examining the card, asked him what the letters "B.E." stood for. He smiled up from the dock and said: "Bachelor of Experience."

If I'd been the judge I don't think I could have imposed any penalty on that man—if he honestly felt those letters described him.

What a wealth of knowledge and wisdom they convey!

The Things He Must Know!

Any youngster can call himself a Bachelor of Arts or a Bachelor of Science after spending a few years learning the answers to the examination papers. But think what a man has to know before he can honestly describe himself as a Bachelor of Experience!

What put this into my head is a letter from a reader who is troubled by the fact that he left school at fourteen. Apparently his natural talents have met with the reward they deserve—so that, nowadays, he finds himself mixing mainly with people who have had a longer and more expensive schooling.

When he's with them he feels awkward and diffident. He says he's frightened to get really intimate with them, for fear they discover he went to the wrong school.

Well, that's a feeling I hope our children won't have to suffer from. If our new educational plans are to be really successful they've got to put an end to school snobberies.

As things are at present, we adults tend to be labelled all our lives by the kind of school we went to—especially in the way we speak. There's the "public school" accent and the other kind of accent. I, for instance, got my accent at the Essendine Road L.C.C. School, and no one is likely to imagine I got it at Eton.

All the same, I don't look down on old Etonians because they missed my educational privileges. Similarly, I don't expect them to look either down or up to me.

Nor do they—or, at least, not the old Etonians I've known.

Most school snobbery, I think, begins with the half-and-halfers—those who went neither to a good public school or a good council school, but to some back-street "select academy."

This sort of place has to put on a bit of swank because swank is about the only extra it's got to offer pupils' parents for the fees it charges.

If my correspondent is mixing with people who went to that kind of school I can well understand his feelings. But has it ever occurred to him that *they* may be feeling inferior to *him*?

Better Teacher Than Books

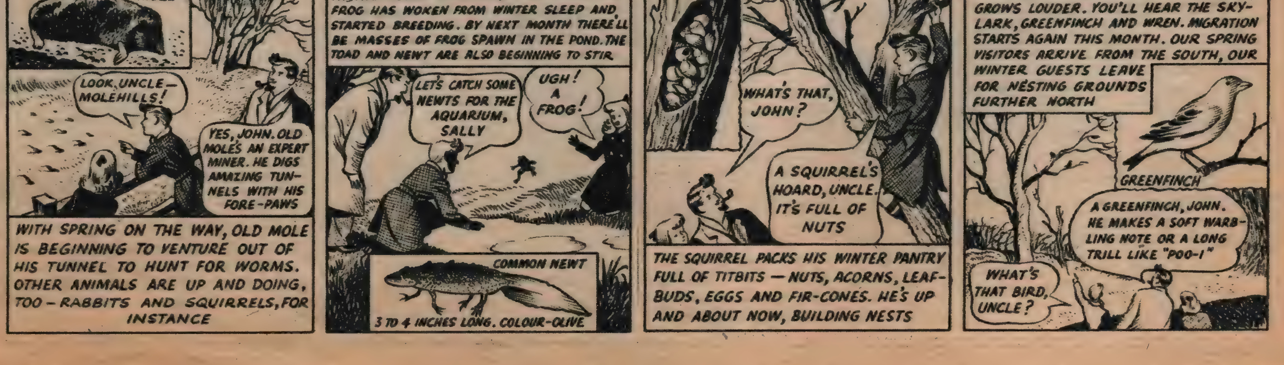
They may have had a more expensive schooling, but he's probably had more experience. They may know more of the answers given in the books, but he probably knows more of the answers given by life. And when it comes to the point, the man with only book knowledge nearly always feels inferior to the man with life knowledge—whether he admits it or not.

I can't help feeling that my correspondent's difficulties arise from something besides his lack of schooling. I'd suggest he looks into himself a little more and tries to find out exactly what it is he feels ashamed of. Then he should examine it very carefully and make sure it isn't something he might just as well feel proud of—such as having got where he is in spite of his early handicaps.

And if, after all, he finds it's only his own fear of his council school accent that's making him feel diffident, he can go to a good teacher of elocution and come out with a brand-new accent—Irish, Scottish, American, Eton or "Select Academy," just as he fancies. But it isn't the kind of thing I'd want to do myself. For better or worse, I'd rather sound exactly what I am.

UNCLE ANDY

Spring is on the Way!


MOLE
LOOK, UNCLE—MOLEHILLS!
YES, JOHN. OLD MOLE'S AN EXPERT MINER. HE DIGS AMAZING TUNNELS WITH HIS FORE-PAWS
WITH SPRING ON THE WAY, OLD MOLE IS BEGINNING TO VENTURE OUT OF HIS TUNNEL TO HUNT FOR WORMS. OTHER ANIMALS ARE UP AND DOING, TOO - RABBITS AND SQUIRRELS, FOR INSTANCE
AT THE MUDDY BOTTOM OF THE POND THE FROG HAS WOKEN FROM WINTER SLEEP AND STARTED BREEDING. BY NEXT MONTH THERE'LL BE MASSES OF FROG SPAWN IN THE POND. THE TOAD AND NEWT ARE ALSO BEGINNING TO STIR
LET'S CATCH SOME NEWTS FOR THE AQUARIUM, SALLY
UGH! A FROG!
COMMON NEWT
3 TO 4 INCHES LONG. COLOUR-OLIVE
WHAT'S THAT, JOHN?
A SQUIRREL'S HOARD, UNCLE. IT'S FULL OF NUTS
THE SQUIRREL PACKS HIS WINTER PANTRY FULL OF TITBITS — NUTS, ACORNS, LEAF-BUDS, EGGS AND FIR-CONES. HE'S UP AND ABOUT NOW, BUILDING NESTS
AS THE DAYS BRIGHTEN, THE BIRD CHOIR GROWS LOUDER. YOU'LL HEAR THE SKYLARK, GREENFINCH AND WREN. MIGRATION STARTS AGAIN THIS MONTH. OUR SPRING VISITORS ARRIVE FROM THE SOUTH, OUR WINTER GUESTS LEAVE FOR NESTING GROUNDS FURTHER NORTH
GREENFINCH
A GREENFINCH, JOHN. HE MAKES A SOFT WARBLING NOTE OR A LONG TRILL LIKE "POO-I"
WHAT'S THAT BIRD, UNCLE?

APPLY INTERNALLY

"Ah Major, stopping I see."

"*Exactly Doctor. I learned this from a Japanese wrestler. The Norwegian school is against it.*"

"Well, when you've perfected it how about coming in for a gin and lime . . . Rose's Lime Juice . . ."

"*Which possesses, I believe, certain therapeutic qualities when consumed with alcohol.*"

"Have you been reading medicine?"

"*No, advertisements. Just wait till I get these impediments to progress off my feet and I'll bet you a gin and Rose's I'm in the bar before you.*"

ROSE'S – *for Gin and Lime*

APPROVED JB

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. . . but the finest comes from

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1/3 PER BOTTLE

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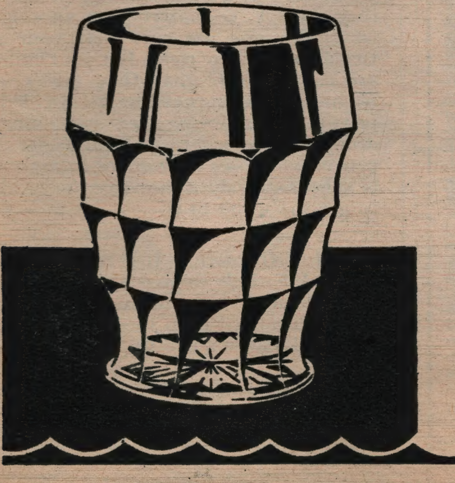
By Appointment Australian Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
THE EMU WINE COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, E.3



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Spirit „ ... 4 *ounce* ... 5d.
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Water „ ... 8 *ounce* ... 7d.
Beer „ ...10 *ounce* ... 8d.

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JACOBEAN

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Now go and get Kit Kat—the perfect meal between meals, to keep you going through the longest day.

Best wishes from
KITTY the KAT

KitKat
CHOCOLATE CRISP
MADE ONLY BY ROWNTREES
4 big chocolate wafers

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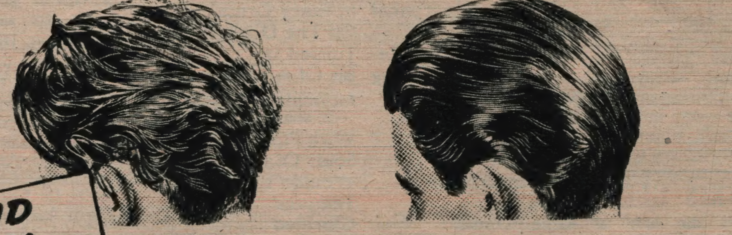

END DRY SCALP — *and what a difference!*

THESE two pictures tell a story. On the left, this man has got Dry Scalp. How untidy his hair looks! Dry and lifeless, won't stay in place. Loose dandruff shows, at his parting and on his coat collar.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC *The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp*
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BOUQUET FOR THE NOBODIES

"IT'S the quiet, unassuming 'nobodies'—the Toms, the Dicks and the Harriets—who are working miracles today in pulling the country round."

Those words of a Ministry of Labour clerk express a thought which must have been in the minds of many of us lately. But only this reader—forty-five years old M. Rice, Bekonscot, East Street, Tollesbury, saw a way to turn it into an outstanding *Bullet*. Now he has banked a £500 cheque for his telling effort: NOBODY EXPECTS—MIRACLES—"NOBODIES" PERFORMING THEM!

"I've enjoyed every minute of the years I've been entering for *Bullets*," Mr. Rice told JOHN BULL. "My advice to other competitors is this: Study the winners, have faith in the judges and *stick it*!"

Another £500 cheque is awaiting this week's best *Bullet* and there are thousands of other prizes as well. Study the latest big prize efforts on this page, see how to word one of *your* everyday ideas in winning style, and post your coupon below by Monday, February 21.

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RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated March 12 and in JOHN BULL dated March 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Hungry World
Stalin And Co.
Happy Lot
In Austerity's Tunnel
The Losers
Shows We're Recovering
Green Pastures
Sick Of It All
Inspiring
Backroom Boy
Nerves Of Steel
Beats Me
Relied Upon
Auntie's A Sticker, So

Patience Is A Virtue, But
Knocked About
In Fancy Dress
On The Dotted Line
Turned Up
Bit Of A Blackguard

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

With Pipe, Pint And...
Soul Of..................
Wouldn't ... Anybody
Tempted To...........
Glorified ....
Not To Be............At

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated March 5. If this is your first specimen copy please mark × here

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£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 616

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pantry. 3, Nap. 6, Stele. 8, Case. 9, Bike. 13, Weak. 14, Tea. DOWN: 1, Purse. 2, Toil. 4, Protect. 5, Flocks. 7, Ticker. 10, Proa. 11, Sage. 12, Bore.

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FIFTY *Attentive, Happy* FACES

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THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. A. H. Wood, 43 Tamworth Road, Croydon, Surrey: REMAINING ON THE TOP—DIFFICULT—THE WORLD "TURNS."

OTHER AWARDS: £20: W. J. Millar, 26 Larne Street, Ballymena, N. Ireland: WHAT BRIGHT HOPES—RUSSIA SHATTERED, "SHUTTERING" RUSSIA! £18: E. Bedford, 94 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea: THIN ON THE TOP—DAD—THINKS IT'S THINKING! £16: Miss G. K. Mearns, 9 Sterndale Road, W. Kensington, W.14: GETS OUR GOAT—ALWAYS *Heading* AUSTERITY'S "March." £14: J. R. N. Moss, 3 Kerry Crescent, Calne, Wilts: LOOKED A BIT PALE—BLUSHING BRIDE, BESIDE GILES! £12: A. Morgan, 107 Paxford Road, N. Wembley: WHAT SPURS HOPES—ARE, WHEN TROUBLES "DIG"! £10: J. M. Agnew, 39 High Street, Lurgan, Co. Armagh: GETS OUR GOAT'S—GOAT, GRANDPA'S GOATEE! £10: H. Davies, 3 Cecil Terrace, Caerleon, Mon: A WOMAN'S WORK—SHOPPING? GIVE ME WORKSHOP!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see this week's *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Supplies limited, so apply immediately on 2d. stamped postcard addressed: Result 1,664, *Bulletin* Dept., 1 Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

All prizes have been posted, including 50 of £1 and 3,000 new "Good Shot" Awards.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Take this one last opportunity to win one of the 100-piece breakfast, dinner and tea services finally offered this week. Then look out for the thrilling £750 cash offer which will celebrate our Crossword's 20th birthday in next week's JOHN BULL.

Across Clues **XWORD 620**

1. There's something wrong if a man does this again and again and gets away with it
4. Winning of this generally demands courage and endurance
5. Sculptor likes to portray this of a great man
6. May actually encourage evil tendencies at times
8. Generally mean an imposition
11. Is expected to turn
12. Careless furniture removers will probably leave one
13. Could in some cases be described as a rattle
14. Experts can pretty well tell how long it will last

Down Clues

1. These belonging to your next-door neighbour may perhaps affect your own garden
2. It's somewhat discourteous to do this
3. Sometimes it doesn't do to laugh at what you consider a silly and irresponsible one
7. Must always be something of a gamble
9. Children are commonly cruel to
10. The better yours is, the better your harvest will probably be

WIN A CHEQUE AND 100-in-1 PRIZE!

1 B	U		2 G	L	E	S	■	3	■
E	P	■		■	4 M	E		A	L
	■	■	5 B		S	T	■	P	A
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■	L	■	6 L	A		■	■	R	7 S
8	I	9 N	E	S	■	■	10	■	
■	■		■	P	■	F	R	E	E
11	A	N	E	■	12	R	A	T	E
■	G	N	A	T	■	■	I	M	P
13	O	Y	■	14 R		I	N	620	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 5.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

620 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 21

I enclose P.O. value....

No. ....

Signed ....

Address ....

....

THE SKIPPER'S MATE

Continued from page 24

silence. He was undergoing a very remarkable spiritual experience.

Miss Spillman was at the tiller when, just before sunset, they sighted the *City of Exeter*. Of course everyone cheered and shouted, but in his heart of hearts no one was really surprised.

It was as though Miss Spillman had arranged a rendezvous with the *City* at that point.

They were quickly aboard, and an hour or so later, with good hot food inside them, were lounging in the *City's* saloon in a state of delicious torpor. Only Miss Spillman had disappeared rather abruptly.

Just as the First Watch was turning to, the *City's* skipper came in, grinning.

"Our Sparks has heard that the rest of your lot have been picked up by the *Medea*. Not a soul lost."

They were all well delighted, but again they were not surprised. Since Miss Spillman had sailed aboard the *Griselda*, it could hardly have been otherwise.

Later that evening, with half a bottle of Scotch warming his vitals, Jock suddenly seemed to come to life at last. He lurched to his feet, abruptly raised his glass, and roared:

"To the pluckiest little woman any of us ever met, or ever will!"

Needless to say, the others drank to that with the greatest enthusiasm. But Jock hadn't finished by any means.

He had a lot to say about great spirits in little bodies, and a lot more about the desirability of having a second hand at the tiller of the cockleshell human boat adrift on the stormy seas of life.

Then, becoming inextricably involved, he broke off abruptly, and, turning, strode from the saloon.

He came back ten minutes later, quieter and somewhat crestfallen.

"Poor woman," he said, with great tenderness. "Poor wee body. She's flat on her back again already. It's the long, slow heave that does it."

He looked around almost forlornly, but then all at once he brightened up and said:

"Ah, well—perhaps it's all for the best! I've seen better men than me harried and henpecked and badgered and bullied over all the seven seas. A man should be master in his own ship! And a wife's place is in the home!"

Write to John Bull About It

R. C. (Falmouth): Your son and daughter have both had a good education. You admit they are intelligent and you know they are sincere. Yet you are worried because they do not agree with you about politics! Instead of feeling upset about this you ought to be glad they are capable of thinking for themselves and frank enough to tell you they do not see matters just as you do. Of course you are sure that your particular politics are right, but your children are equally sure that they are wrong! Rights and wrongs cannot be decided by private prejudices: they can only be decided by considering all the facts. The person who loses his temper in argument is subconsciously aware that he is likely to get the worst of it.

* * *

C. J. (Aberdare): If a boy entrant in the R.A.F. fails to pass the examination for a Regular engagement when he is 17½ and is dismissed from the Service, he will still be liable for call-up at eighteen.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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. . . cause and remedy

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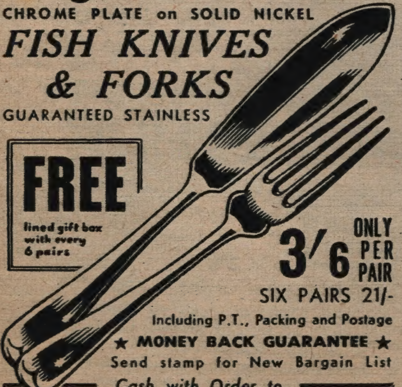

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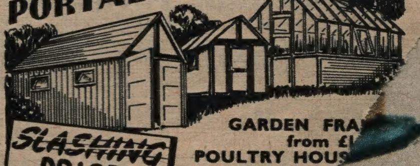

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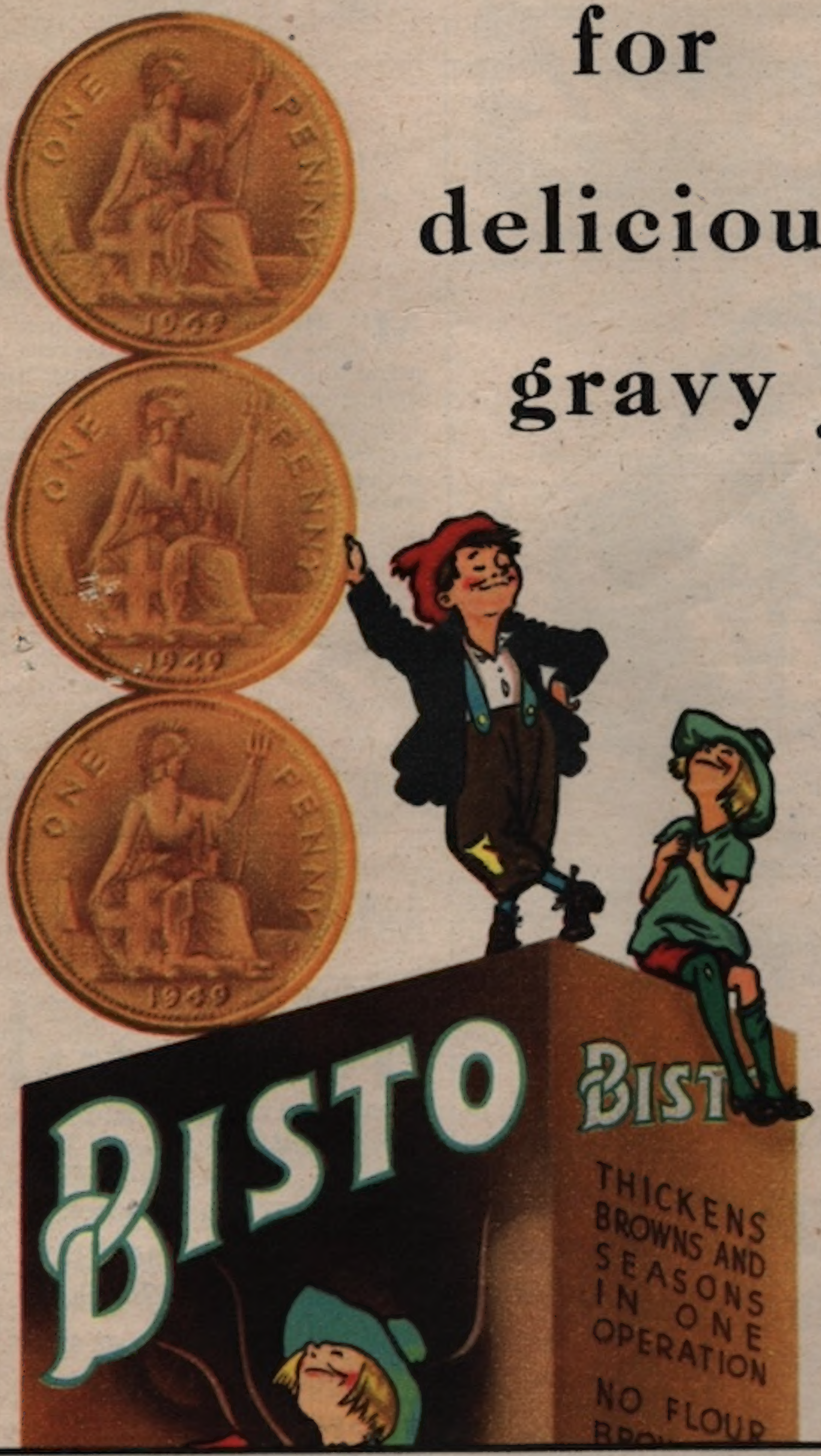
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